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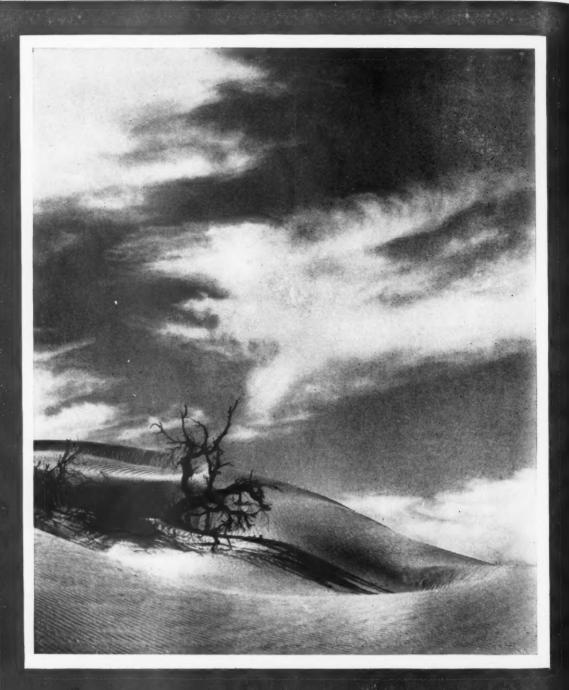
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ORGANIZER AND LEADER OF THE NATIONAL YOUTH RADIO CONFERENCE

Question:

I was deeply impressed by your article, "The New Evangelism." I have a daughter who wishes to study journalism in a great university and I am very anxious that she should have definite religious influences at the same time. She is very young.

Answer:

I would strongly advise that any young person before going to a school of journalism in a great university, complete a Liberal Arts course in a smaller college. Quite aside from religious influences, this program builds an important cultural and an academic foundation for postgraduate work.

Question:

What do you think about annuities? Which ones do you recommend?

Answer:

Every annuity plan described in Christian Herald is worthy of the confidence of Christian Herald readers. No mistake will be made by investing with these advertisers.

Question:

I graduated from a teachers' college a little more than twenty years ago. I taught only a few years and then went home to care for my parents. Now both are gone and I have a life on my hands. I do not care to teach but I have been thinking about institutional work. Might there be an opening for me?

Answer:

This question and the letter in which it came, lead me to urge the one writing to consider a possible opening in a home for the aged or one for children. In some home-missionary project of her denomination there may be a place for her. Graduated from a teachers' college, she has given a fine demonstration of a daughter's efficient loyalty to her parents.

I think she has the training, experient and personality for institutional word along lines here suggested. By all means she should talk at once with her our pastor.

Question:

Would the Jews preserve the sacral places of Christianity if they came into full possession of the Holy Land?

Answer:

Yes, absolute freedom of worship is fully guaranteed and assured under the plan for a Zionist state. Under no other plan is such freedom provided. Particularly in Moslem rule, freedom of worship is banned.

Question:

Is it a fact that universally the Roman Catholic Church holds the loyalty of in members while almost universally Proestant loyalty is sporadic and often in different?

Answer:

Perhaps neither is true. Certainly Protestant "loyalty" is another matte entirely from Catholic loyalty. The faith are fundamentally different. I need me go into that here. But throughout the world Roman Catholicism has its prolems too. A distinguished Roman Catho lic, Richard Pattee, writing in the Ho Name Journal, the official publication the Holy Name Society in the United States, recently affirmed that Lati America has two types of Catholicism First, "the black dress and the mantilla -the "sentimental brand practiced large measure by pious older ladies" an on Sundays by "the younger wome dressed more to please the younger me than God." Second, the intellectual-th brand practiced by a minority aware "the full significance of Catholicism an 'ideology.'" And then Mr. Patte affirms that in almost every Latin Ame ican land but Mexico, the masses have

CHRISTIAN HERALD

JUNE, 1946

VOLUME 69

NUMBER
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BUSINESS AND EDITORIAL OFFICES, 419 FOURTH AVE., NEW YORK 16

CHRISTIAN HERALD

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sound JUNE "committed (virtual) apostasy."

This Roman Catholic writer sets down a five-point program to win back Catholics to their Church: 1. A clear break between the Church and the official conservative parties . . . 2. "A clear consciousness of the necessities of the racial elements now in the submerged category: Negroes and Indians." 3. Frank facing up to "the land question." 4. Emphasis on "the positive side" of the Papal Encycleals ("as against the condemnation of socialism, for example"). 5. "The only way, in the long run, to combat both Communism and Protestantism is to do the job better . . ."

Question:

Do you know a good book on marital relations written by a competent authority, presenting information from all points of view?

Answer:

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HERAL

One of the best books that I know in this field is "Harmony in Marriage" by Leland Foster Wood of Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America, 297 Fourth Avenue, New York, Also Dr. Wood's office will be glad to furnish a reading list.

Question:

I thought Dr. Arthur Compton, Chancellor of Washington University, a great scientist, was also a devout Christian but I have just read that he wagered a champagne supper with President Conant, of Harvard University, on a little matter involving the atomic bomb.

Answer

I too am sorry. I still think that Dr. Compton is a Christian gentleman. I know him personally and like him immensely. I hope that the news item was all a mistake; it doesn't make pleasant reading. The atomic bomb is too serious a matter for any kind of a bet, champagne or otherwise. No doubt the gentlemen hadn't the slightest idea that the matter would be published, but of course that fact doesn't excuse them.

Question:

I am told that clothing gathered for European relief a year ago, is still piled high in some states; that there is tragic waste and mismanagement.

Answer:

I am of course not in a position to answer directly these particular charges. I do know that last winter in Europe, twenty-five million unfortunate men and women and children wore clothing and shoes supplied by Americans. I do know that this year millions will die of exposure if we do not go to their assistance. In the collection of these materials I do not believe that there is either waste or delay that could be avoided. There will be mistakes of course but the plans are sound and the leadership is reliable.



A governor of a certain state, leaving on a fishing trip, suddenly stopped. He had forgotten something . . . and went back for his current copy of . . . you guessed it . . . The Upper Room! "I never go any place without it," he explained.

A prominent doctor, starting on a vacation trip, remembered, a hundred miles from home, that he had forgotten to bring his copy of The Upper Room...stopped at a country church beside the road, looked up the minister, and got one!

On your vacation... as well as all summer long... be sure you have The Upper Room handy. Your daily devotions will mean just as much or more to you when off the beaten path or relaxed in mind and body.

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Edited by FRANK S. MEAD

Newcomer

 There is a newcomer in our pages this month: he is a country preacher from Riverton, Vermont. No stranger to rural churchmen is Dr. Arthur W. Hewitt, author of several books dealing with the work of the rural church, lecturer in great demand, country preacher and a gentleman with a rare sense of humor. We think you'll love him. Drop us a line and let us know what you think of his debut contribution, found on

The Church and the Chaplains Dear Editor:

Your article, "Did the Church Fail the was read with interest. Your upholding the chaplains is commendable and I am wondering just why you did not stick to the point in question, "Did the Church fail the chaplain?" I think the Protestant Church did a great job in sending as many chaplains into the service as it did. . . . Our Church not being a corporate body cannot be entirely judged because of the actions of its boards, commissions and many of its clergymen. Why not cite a few examples, and illustrations, naming the Churches which deliberately failed to do - Merced, Cal.

Howard Rogers, Chaplain (Capt.), USA

Dear Editor:

Is CHRISTIAN HERALD working for the Catholics now? The article certainly gives this impression. I think CHRISTIAN HERALD should retract its statement. . . . There is no doubt that the Roman Catholic Church "has a better technique in obtaining chap-lains. . ." They have a better technique about everything, but that is no reason for making our weaknesses any greater by publishing statements that are not true. . The only thing I am proud of is that I never subscribed to CHRISTIAN HERALD. Flushing, N. Y. Grace Bryant

Dear Editor:

You sound like a spoiled brat. . . . I am sure the boys prayed for themselves. Lee Summit, Mo. Mrs. Ellen Richter

Dear Editor:

I have just read your piece on the Protestant chaplains and I agree with it heartily. There is not one of us is interested in Protestantism, in its effective service in times of war, and in having a perfect representation in that service, who has not noted the one great glaring fault you have set forth in that article. I could, as a teacher in a theological seminary, not only point out some, of the finest chaplains in the service whom I know personally, but I could also point out the types you mention, by the dozens. I congratulate you on that piece, and also on having the courage to publish it. You will be severely condemned by some, so I want my voice to be heard in defense and in congratulation to you and your ever-alert magazine.
Boston, Mass. Dr. William L. Stidger Boston, Mass.

Dear Editor:

Hearty congratulations on your fine arti-It is refreshing to find a Christian editor like yourself possessing the ability and stamina to handle, without gloves, an obstructive denominationalism which appears to have a stranglehold on too many of our Protestant ministers and their congregations. . Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Dr. J. Frederick Lovejoy

Dear Editor: I have just read your article. . . . I am glad you have written it, barring certain details which after all are of secondary import. What you say is true. In general the Church did let the chaplain down, and out of my experience with the General Commission I could add a lot more to what you have said. . Washington, D. C., S. Arthur Devan (formerly Director, General Commission on

Dear Editor:

Army and Navy Chaplains)

Orchids to you for defending the chaplains. . . . Montross, Colo. W. E. Spence

Dear Editor:

I realize you have no doubt done thorough research and know what you are talking about. I do feel, though, that you might have noted an exception to the general rule on behalf of the Lutherans. church . . . had a thoroughly-organized and well-financed program....

Dr. G. Elson Ruff Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Editor:

I am a Protestant minister. I am writing anonymously because I do not want my son embarrassed. He was an officer in the Navy and spent twenty days in the Naval Hospital in Philadelphia as a patient, and twenty-two more days on "subsistence out" during which he reported regularly to the hospital. He told me that although the Catholics in the Officers' Ward were in the minority, the Catholic chaplain visited them regularly and chatted with all the officers, Catholic and Protestant, and that they all liked him very much. But the whole time my boy was there, he never saw a Protestant chaplain! Why? Where were the Protestant chaplains and what were they doing? What will that do to non-Catholic men who are lukewarm toward the Church? We Protestants had better get wise to ourselves' A Protestant Minister Trenton, N. J.

• These are a few letters, out of a very heavy mail on the article. While we do not want to carry the argument on, ad nauseam, let us here make two points: 1) CHRISTIAN

HERALD has never published any article criticizing adversely the work of Protestant chaplains in World War II, but has published several lauding them, as they were lauded in this one. And, 2) We are happy to credit the Lutherans with an out. standing job in the chaplain depart. ment. But we were not writing of individual denominations, but of over-all Protestantism.

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Thank you for the letters. They convinced us the effort accomplished its purpose: it roused discussion where discussion most needs to be aroused-among those responsible.

Grand Old Man

 From our readers come scores of tributes to our late Dr. Charles M. Sheldon; we read and appreciated every one of them. We have all lost a great friend. . . .

From Yankton College in South Dakota we learn that Dr. Sheldon wrote the verse that is cast on the bell that hangs in the belfry of Yankton. The verse reads:

At morn, at noon, at twilight dim, My voice shall sound The earth around; Christ for the world, the world for Him!

He would have written that! And somehow, in the atmosphere around us, we think we can hear the Grand Old Man of Topeka singing those words, even now.

Closer to God

• There's a lot more encouragement in the story of Helen Keller walking through a ward at the Pasadena Army Regional Hospital. A bedridden sergeant, about ready to give up, watched her listen through her fingers to a piano recital by Sergeant Harry Lojewski, and then he watched her identify the colors of flowers in the hospital garden by their texture and fragrance, and then he said, "I'm not a religious man, but somehow l feel as though I've just come a lot closer to God!"

There's always someone watching you walk. . . .

Arsenals of the Heart

Dear Editor:

You suggest that we have arsenals filled with A-bombs so strategically located all over the world that no nation would dare start anything. To my humble way of thinking, it would be far better to have the arsenals of our hearts so filled with the love of God and our fellow men that no nation would desire to start anything. Canby, Ore. Mrs. A. W. Luginbill Canby, Ore.

 I suppose there is an answer to that, but to tell you the honest truth, we're so tired arguing about this chaplain business that we don't think we'll argue any more, this month.

ATHOME

president: No matter what we say about any President, we are sure to hear from it. Sometimes we think we'd better say nothing. But then, we'd get no letters, and letters are a sign that folks read this column, whether they agree or disagree with what we say in the realm of politics. Just for the record, in that realm, we're neutral.

Casting a quick eye over the prospects, we see at this moment only two men really outstanding. They are Harry Truman and Harold Stassen. Both are gaining prestige and power while others are only being mentioned. You never can tell, but we predict it will be Stassen vs the President in '48.

Mr. Truman is at last ceasing to be

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DIGEST OF THE MONTH
A DEPARTMENT OF INTERPRETATION AND COMMENT

Edited by Gabriel Courier

coned by Gabrier Conner

vice-president and becoming President. He's surer of himself. He makes mistakes, but who doesn't? He offers no flaming leadership of the brand offered by his predecessor, but he is sincere and solid and courageous, and the people like that. Besides, he is a politician, and he has begun to play politics to the hilt. He knows how!

Stassen's youth still impresses the voter as one of his real assets. He is young, aggressive, liberal. He is so progressive and liberal that the Republican Old Guard doesn't want him at all—but neither did they want Willkie. Stassen looks more and more like a Willkie. He has made very, very few political mistakes; he is surrounded by the young and progressive element of his party, which Mr. Dewey failed to attract and to hold.

At the moment we see no other outstanding candidate in either party.

CASTE: When you think of caste you usually think of India; you might think also of the United States Army, where

for too long there has been a caste system every bit as unfair and as seemingly immovable as the Indian set-up. But the Army system is being moved, fast. G.I. Joe has spoken up against Army planes being used to fly (officer) liquor overseas, against being forced to serve the officers as chauffeurs, waiters and valets, against the brutal courts-martial discrimination that heavily favored the officer class and stacked the scales against the enlisted man. This is about to be corrected; it is to be corrected by an Army suddenly awake to the fact that there might be no Army at all unless it is corrected. In preparation are the following reforms:

Uniforms will be the same for officers and men; more severe penalties for the officers and more democratic treatment for the men at courts-martial; machinery for dealing with complaints will be improved; social distinctions between men and officers will be softened; menial tasks (like KP) will be done either by civilians or by mess attendants (does that involve

JAPANESE WOMEN VOTE. In numbers that astounded students of Japanese life, the women of Nippon—erstwhile "slaves"—took advantage of their new privilege and went to the polls.

discrimination against Negro enlistees?), and living quarters will be basically improved.

We think there is still one big lack here. That is the officer caste which will be perpetuated, in spite of these reforms, if the present system of selecting men for West Point goes on. Access to that academy should not be in the hands of our politicians; access, too, should be easier than it is for the enlisted man. A little clique of West Pointers running an army is hardly good democracy. Some Navy men are saying the same thing about Annapolis.

NEW DEAL: The United Automobile Workers have elected Walter Reuther as their head man—and therewith set in motion a revolution the repercussions of which will be felt a hundred years from now. This fight between Reuther and Thomas at Atlantic City was not just a case of two men wanting power; it was the head-on collision of two philosophies of labor. Reuther's philosophy won. Now he will try it out.

Up to the time he challenged ex-president Thomas, union leadership in the automotive industry fought for more money and fewer hours. It asked the manufacturer to get all he could for his car; then they fought to get all they could of the manufacturer's profit for the labor in his shops. It was as simple as that. It didn't work, in the recent General Motors strike.

Walter Reuther wants something completely different. He calls for a definite labor voice in management councils. He is thinking not in terms of one industry, but in terms of over-all industrial planning. He is definitely socialistic; he is a former member of the Socialist Party. He is definitely not communistic; we'll have to remember that. The Communists loathe him as much as the capitalists do.

Reuther wants an annual wage for labor; he will press for that within a year. He would abolish the incentive payment systems in piece work; he would establish social security on a union basis; he wants the automobile industry to finance an insurance plan for the workers; he wants "industry councils" made up of representatives of employers, unions, Government, and consumers, who will plan for the future. He wants a stronger cooperative movement, public housing on a larger scale; he opposes the formation of a third party politically, especially if it is only a labor party.

He is no fool. Reuther is an intelligent, determined, aggressive man. He will fight, hard. He is breaking new paths for labor. He is the man most worth watching in the United States of America.

EVASION: The Selective Service Act is in a most peculiar situation: it comes out of committee neither dead nor alive, neither condemned to death nor revived. In one of the most beautiful pieces of dodging down the middle of the road ever seen in Washington, fast-dodging committeemen have given the Act a "holiday," asked for release of the teen-agers, and kept the Act still on the books, in an emaciated sort of way, just in case World War III should break out while the Congressmen are off on a holiday!

So—where do we stand now? Where does American youth stand—that youth haunted by the knowledge that it may be a waste of time to go to college or even to finish high school, if they are to be drafted and shot down like a lot of sheep a year, ten years from now. They'd like to know. So would all the rest of us.

The politicos who did this are voteconscious politicos; they will not hazard their futures on Capitol Hill until they know what their constituents want them to do. But their constituents think that as the elected representatives of the people, they should already know what to do. Don't they?

COURIER'S CUES: Nine out of ten veterans who want to rent homes can afford to pay only \$30-\$50 per month. . . . The building situation, wise men say, will not improve for at least five years. . . . Since the recent tidal wave at Honolulu, etc., militarists are talking about possibility of destroying enemy shore installations with explosions of huge under-water charges, starting artificial tidal wave. . . . Navy Secretary Forrestal will step down and out soon . . . Leaving Henry Wallace only Roosevelt appointee left . . . Chester Bowles may step out this month; some say he has eye on the Presidency . . Washington newspapermen say Bricker of Ohio has better chance than any other

Republican for the nomination in '48 ... Food rationing is not being seriously considered by Government.

ABROAD

WAR: After all her years of war, China is at it again. At it this time in Manchuria, where Communists fight Nationalists for—what?

Manchuria is one of the richest prizes of the whole East. Russia knows that. So do the Chinese Communists. So does Chiang Kai-shek, who is not going to let the prize slip through his fingers if he can help it. So there is civil war. The contestants in this affair remind us somehow of heirs squabbling over a will—and losing all the money to the lawyers!

If they are not careful, these Chinese combatants will destroy in their civil war the lush Manchuria they might gain and exploit beautifully by more peaceful means. They are killing the goose that might lay a golden egg. Add to this the spectacle of thousands starving in China—no, of millions on the brink of starvation—and the conflict is even harder to understand.

Maybe General Marshall can straighten it out. If he does, keep your eye on him. There is already talk of making Marshall Secretary of State, and some are even saying he might be good in the White House. If he brings order out of chaos in Cathay, it wouldn't surprise us to see him in either one of the big old buildings on Pennsylvania Avenue.

TITO: In Yugoslavian prison sits an all-but broken old man who was once the hero of the Balkans: General Draja Mikhailovich, the Chetnik leader. He is on trial for his life. The charge: collaboration with the Germans!

The millions of friends of the old hero



HAND RAISED IN VICTORY. On the shoulders of his supporters, sits Walter Reuther after his election to the presidency of the United Auto Workers.

believe he is innocent of the charge—that he is being deliberately sent to death on a false charge. His accuser is Communist satellite Tito, friend of Russia. Tito has refused, in his latest move, to allow the testimony of American airmen whose lives were saved by Mikhailovich, to be heard in his defense. This country made the request that the flyers be allowed to speak. While it was not thought possible that Communist Tito would grant the request, it was one way of telling him whose side we were on.

The watching world is beginning to understand that it is not Mikhailovich who is really on trial here, but Tito and the Russians. If the old Chetnik is railroaded to death, then Russia, which is really running Yugoslavia, will announce to all concerned that tyranny is the order of the day in the Balkans, and that liberty can wait. Tito is being used as a pawn in the game; already he has been shoved aside in the Trieste dispute.

Look out, Tito. Hangmen's ropes are cheap, where you live!

LIFELINE: The UN may be meeting in New York, but what it is doing is foreign news, with a vengeance.

Two contestants stand out more and more clearly, as the UN sessions go on: fighting for advantage is Russia on the one hand, England on the other. Most of the fighting is narrowing down, in the behind-the-scenes scuffles, to the Mediterranean. Or shall we say the Middle East? Last week England, through the London Economist, said this about her stake in that territory:

"For Britain to withdraw from the Middle East . . . would be trebly disastrous. In the first place it would be bad for Britain, since it would be a surrender of strategic and economic interests. It would be bad for the Middle Eastern states, since they would almost certainly come under some other influence far less mild and tolerant than Britain. Thirdly, it would be bad for the world, since it is hardly possible to imagine so vital a transfer of power occurring peaceably. It is therefore essential to reëmphasize the essential pillars of British policy . . . that there shall be no other potentially hostile great power on the Persian Gulf, on the Suez Canal, or in the approaches to it, at either end."

Very well put, insofar as traditional British policy is concerned. But it just so happens that there is another great power nibbling at the Gulf and the Canal. Russia is as much interested in this country as Britain is-and if the old philosophy of imperialism is still to be pursued, then Russia will be quite as much justified in grabbing what she can grab, as Britain has grabbed it. What is really behind this United Nations trouble with Russia is not the rights of smaller nations: it is the death struggle of this old imperialism to hang onto its ill-gotten gains, in the face of a new conception of global cooperation which will supplant

imperialism
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mperialism, if it gets the upper hand. Britain will have to give a little, here. Indeed, there are signs that she is already jiving ground. England has spent two centuries aggravating India's differences in order to keep India down, but England now realizes that these differences lave gotten away from her. Unable to control the seething Indian situation any longer, England is ready to quit India! It would be a healthy thing for the control of the great powers followed her sample, took their mailed feet off the necks of the weaker peoples, and gave peace an honest chance to survive.

JAPAN: Well, they have voted in Japan. What fascinates us in this voting is the presence of Japanese women.

The women amazed even their own lapanese men, with their turn-out at the polls; nothing like it had ever been seen in Nippon before. The ladies swamped the polls—and that is something that western women did not do, the first time they got their chance at the ballot-box. The women of Japan seem to appreciate their dearly bought privilege a lot more than our Western women ever did.

Which is only another indication of the launting truth that there simply is no loowing the Japanese mind. We have not and talked with Westerners who have spent the better part of their lives in Japan, and they have admitted to us that even they throw up their hands; they said the mind of the Nipponese is entirely unpredictable. We flatter ourselves when we think we can get them said the mind out with an army of occupation that may stay there three years or so!

Here we have been saying, for years, that the Japanese woman was little better than a slave. We pitied her so. How she must have pitied us, when we thought that. She puts us to shame on her very fist election-day, proving that she thinks more of her suffrage than do millions in the land of the free and the home of the have!

ATHENS: There has been an election in Athens, too. There were supposed to be terrific fireworks, but the fireworks weren't touched off.

The leftists boycotted this election; they even threatened civil war. They charged that the fine hand of the British was working deftly to restore the conservatives to power, to outlaw the liberals—and the Communists. The British were there, all right: so were teams of British, French and American watchers at the polls. They report that the election was fair.

The vote was big, and the Populists (atterne rightists) won it. The Populist would restore the monarchy; King George II is all set to come back to althens. All that holds him is the disapproval of the British Labor Government, which doesn't agree with Churchill that George could rule well. Labor is afraid

the exiled king's return would touch off another civil war.

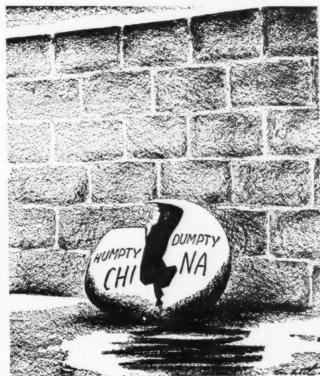
Poor George! There was a day when a king had something to say about such things, but evidently that was B.G. (before George). He's just a stooge, and not a particularly good one, at that.

Anyway, they've had their election, whatever the British let them do.

FUTURE: Two more frightening items concerning the atomic bomb reached us this month. We learn that experiments

drunk fell off a bus, followed my good neighbor's wife around the block, making the air blue with his alcoholic profanity; his blasphemies would have made an army mule-driver blush for shame. He hurled whatever he could find at her and at one of the houses they passed, he fell into a hedge, ruining it; he smashed two panes of glass in a brand new house and drove the lady right up the steps of her house, in a state of nervous collapse.

My neighbor (the husband) doesn't see anything particularly economic about



Little in the Nashville Tennessean
JOB FOR GENERAL MARSHALL

are now in progress which if successful will hurl the atom bomb by rockets flying 175 miles high. Those rockets could reach almost from anywhere to anywhere in our world. Second, naval men are talking of super-submarines atompowered, which could discharge atomic missiles from under the water and guide them to their targets by remote control.

And there are still some folks who think the U.S. can control the A-bomb!

that. He does see something decidedly moral—or immoral. And my neighbor's husband has to help pay (via taxes) for the drunk's thirty days in the workhouse, as a result of this incident. *That* would be economic, wouldn't it?

BILL: Well, the American people have their booze bill for 1945. According to figures released by the Chamber of Commerce, we spent an all-time high of \$7,800,000,000 for alcoholic drinks in 1945. This was more than nine percent above the 1944 total of \$7,100,000,000.

Meanwhile, just for the record, Mr. Hoover and Mr. La Guardia are trying to slap us awake to the awful news that five-hundred million (yes, we said million) people around the world are in grave danger of starving to death.

Is there any man living who can justify our spending nearly eight billion for alcohol, with such a condition prevailing? Is there any man living who can justify such spending under any condition?

TEMPERANCE

MORAL? The Wets proclaim loudly that Temperance is not a moral but an economic issue.

Last night my neighbor's wife went out for some fresh air. She walked around the block—a block supposed to be protected by the police. But the police can't be everywhere at once. A

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NAE's Evangelical Foreign Missions Association in session at Minneapolis.

CHURCH NEWS

EVANGELICALS: We write this in a hotel room down the street from First Baptist Church in Minneapolis, where the National Association of Evangelicals has just concluded its Fourth Annual Convention. What we thought might be just another of those conventions turned out to be something quite important.

There was a fighting evangelism at Minneapolis. We do not mean by that a belligerent or nasty ecclesiastical warfare waged by extremists of one position against the extremists of another; we found an increasing desire to get along with other Christian groups, among these Evangelicals. But they did not retreat one inch from their fundamental position, doctrinally. What they did do was not negative, but constructive: they planned a much wider practice for their theory.

This Minneapolis affair was interesting when compared with the meeting of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, reported in this page last month. The Federal Council is the liberal wing of American Protestantism; these Evangelicals are the conservative wing. The Federal Council approached the pressing problems of our day first, seeking the Christian solution second. The Evangelicals at Minneapolis repeatedly suggested the over-all curative powers of orthodox Christian faith first, then enumerated the problems against which that cure had to be applied. Bishop Leslie R. Marston, the retiring president, put it in his key-note speech that "a half-century of naturalism has robbed human life of all worth, conduct of all nobility from naturalism's teaching of man's sufficiency we now reap the harvest of human futility and frustration There is no escaping the apostolic command to preach the Word as both to instruct and to disturb." It was a brilliant speech, and it outlined the determination of the Evangelicals: they want to preach the Word first. The influence of that Word on the human personality will solve, they believe, many a problem now stumping the experts. As another speaker put it, "Character cannot wait a million years to be formed!" Unless we get Christian character, and soon, we are doomed: that is warp and woof of the preaching of the National Association of Evangelicals.

Some of the immediate plans of the NAE will cause a certain amount of eyebrow-lifting in many church circles. For instance—there is to be a new Commission on Home Missions working under the auspices of the Association. do this because of their understanding that "nearly one-half of the population of the United States is unreached by the Christian Gospel in an effective manner.' ("Nearly half" sounds like a lot to this reporter, but they may be right; the words "in an effective manner" rather take the sting out of the statement.) At any rate, they will have a Home Missions Department next year, which will "cooperate with all denominational home missions activities along evangelical lines." A skeletal organization will be set up this summer, at Winona Lake.

There will also be increased foreign mission action, with headquarters in New York City, calculated to "save mission boards many thousands of dollars annually" by handling cooperative purchases for the outfitting of missionaries and mission stations. By the same office, "advice and assistance in transportation will be offered." This, too, is done with the promise of definite cooperation with denominational boards. Frankly (and we say it kindly) we were a bit puzzled by the statement that these boards would

"cooperate" with denominational boards, we thought the exact conditions under which this cooperation would be available, and to which boards, might have been clarified. But we'll wait and see before we criticize. . . .

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Meeting with the Evangelicals was the National Sunday School Association -which laid plans at Minneapolis for a new series of church school lessons for all grades. Highly dissatisfied with current lesson materials now being put in the hands of the average church schoolteacher, they plan to publish their own (Bible-centered) uniform Sunday School series. The outlines are now being prepared; they will cover the lessons for the year 1948, and they will be published late in 1947. This will cause a certain amount of confusion, for awhile, but it was an inevitable move; there is a widespread dissatisfaction with these materials, and teachers have been begging for better lessons for years. If this group can produce materials that are well written, and attractively printed, they may capture the field. At this point, they are in the planning stage; their numbers seem small, and they seem to lack adequate publishing outlets for their new lessons, if and when they are produced, and they need money. But-they may do it!

Whatever connection "Youth for Christ" ever had with NAE is now dissolved. Torrey Johnson of Chicago. leader of that youth movement, has definitely bowed out of NAE youth circles, and National Evangelical Youth, which formerly had an associate relationship with NAE, now folds up as an associate organization and goes under the full control and direction of NAE. Only the most elementary plans have been worked out so far; it will probably be a year or more before even a secretary is placed in charge of the work. There are elaborate plans after that, embracing widespread radio and mass-meeting activities.

Elected president of NAE for the coming year is big six-foot, alert Dr. R. L. Decker of Kansas City, Missouri. This editor first met him in a Baptist parsonage in Fort Collins, Colorado, years ago, when he was doing an outstanding job of campus evangelism with the students of Colorado Aggies. His acceptance speech at Minneapolis proved that he had lost none of his zeal or vision: "This nation ought to be covered with a network of frequency modulation stations owned and operated by evangelicals . . . Likewise, we should be preparing for television with a spiritual program . . . We must prepare young people not only for the pastorate and mission field, but also for pedagogy, journalism, surgery, science . . . I call for a new student volunteer movement. . . !

Decker is alive to his day; so is the NAE. It is today the outstanding, fast-est-growing, interdenominational, conservative body in American Protestantism, and well worth the close attention of all of us.

"My Heart's in the Highlands"

By The Country Preacher



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THE full moon shone on the old church in Northfield, showing the twisting shadows of the winternaked elm branches on the white walls, like rivers wriggling on a map. Through

the open belfry I saw the great star Sirius. I thought of the Crusaders' hymn:

Fairer still the moonlight
And all the twinkling starry host.

I had just read a review of that practical book by Rockwell Smith, "The Church in Our Town." Why did the review begin with a sneer at rural "romantics"? Anyone who does not know that the romantic element of rural life transfigures it, may be expert in the obvious, but is invincibly ignorant of vital things which are unseen but eternal.

IF I CONTINUE to talk with you, I hope sometimes to make practical, down-to-earth suggestions. But I want it understood from the start that I love the rural parish because "My Heart's in the Highlands." The things which sustain me are intangible: the sheer beauty of the country, the dear intimacy of rural folks, the vivid sense of the Eternal Presence. Daily I use mechanics and program, but without the inner light, they would be . . . what?

From a California mountain I watched a sunset beyond the Golden Gate. From ocean to zenith the sky was vivid crimson across which ran long, parallel bars of glorious yellow. The sun sank into the sea. The sky faded to frozen gray. Its physical structure was all the same. The inner light had gone

To "work for the night is coming," is not enough. The real insight is in the prayer, "All our works begun, continued and ended in Thee."

TWENTY-ONE YEARS OLD, I was pastor at Glover, Vermont. Miles away on the hills was an old, red schoolhouse where I preached on Friday nights. On an open sled, its runners creaking on the frozen snow, in the glory of the full moon, I rode with Marshall Gilman to meet my date. Among the farmers who filled the schoolhouse, dim in the light of the kerosene lamps, was a white-bearded minister, ninety years old, but vigorous and prophetic. I preached "My spirit shall not always strive with man." At the close of the service the old minister said, "Young man, there was harmony here tonight."

Then, after a pause, came these words which have sustained me for forty years, "Remember! Gospel seed never rots!"

ARTHUR W. HEWITT



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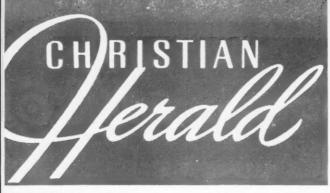
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JUNE, 1946

SIXTY ACRES OF HEAVEN

UR Managing Editor, Frank Mead, after visiting the Memorial Home Community for aged religious workers and their wives, which Mr. J. C. Penney created in Clay County, Florida, described it as "Sixty Acres of Heaven." Literally it has become that to men and women from many churches and from all over the world, who have entered its sheltered comfort and peace.

Here in beautiful houses with wide, tree-shaded lawns on palm-bordered streets, each couple occupies a private, furnished apartment and participates in a community life that enriches all their memories of active years. There is a beautiful chapel with its memorial pipe organ, a library and lounge, and a clinic with a doctor and nurse in attendance. There are gardens for flowers and vegetables, where the residents follow their own inclinations. A playground provides some of the less vigorous games and there is an easy but delightful nine-hole golf course. (My kind!)

This community differs from all other institutions of its kind. It is unique in the field of philanthropy. Honoring his preacher-father and his mother, Mr. Penney invested \$1,250,000 to establish it and to give its hundred homes and all its facilities to those faithful men and women of God who have given their own active years to their fellow men and for Christ and His church.

For some time, CHRISTIAN HERALD has shared with Mr. Penney the administration of the memorial but now the founder gives to CHRISTIAN HERALD, free of all encumbrances, the entire property, and with it \$250,000 toward an endowment of one million dollars. For CHRISTIAN HERALD it is a great, indeed a breathtaking gift, but it is an even greater trust and responsibility.

As quickly as possible the campaign to raise \$80,000 to erect a building for the widows and widowers among our community residents, must be completed. This project and others are more fully described



by Associate Editor, Clarence Hall, on page 32 of this issue. Also we would add new cottages to care for worthy men and women who wait eagerly on an ever-lengthening list and we would build that imperatively needed Siek Bay.

What an opportunity Christian Herald's new project presents to those who would establish worthy memorials! An opportunity for churches as well as individuals to remember pastors and missionaries, parents and friends. Christian Herald will strengthen and enlarge Mr. Penney's munificent gift just as rapidly as Christian Herald readers make possible the greater Memorial Home Community.

This new and sacred trust completes a quartet of Christian enterprises that give to CHRISTIAN HERALD a world-wide interdenominational and inter-faith ministry. The three other institutions are Mont Lawn at Nyack-on-Hudson, a children's home and summer vacation center for underprivileged girls and boys of all faiths and colors; Bowery Mission, in the heart of Manhattan, which with an unbroken ministry of more than sixty years to bodies and souls of New York's broken men, is the oldest rescue mission in America; and two orphanages and an industrial school for boys and girls located in Foochow, China.

The Memorial Home Community in Florida bears the name of Mr. Penney's father and mother. Mr. Penney's father was a Baptist minister, self-educated and with the courage of his heroic convictions. In a time when his Missouri church surroundings were set in narrow and sectarian prejudices, he advocated an educated and salaried ministry. He could be excommunicated and was, but he could not be silenced. From his preacher-father and devoted mother, J. C. Penney, the famous merchant, inherited and has honored those qualities of character that have made his genius for organization and administration one of America's greatest success stories. But even more significant than his business career, has been J. C. Penney's growth in stature as a Christian layman. Today he is identified with national religious programs and movements to which he gives a generous share of all his time and strength.

It is with gratitude to such a man, and God helping us, that we assume a new and great responsibility with its high commission.



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OUR PLATFORM: Christian Herald is a family magazine for all denominations, dedicated to this platform: To advance the cause Evangelical Christianity; to serve the needy at home and abroad, achieve temperance through education; to champion religious, sociand economic tolerance; to make Church unity a reality; to least to a just and lasting peace; to work with all who seek a Christlike west.





CITIZEN OF THE WORLD (1)0

HAROLD E. STASSEN

By Wilbur Elston

O THE 5,000 residents of West St. Paul, Minnesota, it will be no surprise if Harold E. Stassen eventually is elected President of the United States. For people in that little suburb of Minnesota's capital city have been seeing Harold E. Stassen realize his ambitions ever since he was a long-legged by in his teens, running his own "Sunnydale Pet Farm" on its father's farm there.

Today Stassen is out of public service for the first time in filteen years, but he certainly isn't out of public life. Recently released from the Navy, Stassen already is campaigning for the Republican nomination for President in 1948—even though be won't definitely admit he's a candidate.

Whether in his campaign he will be as successful as he was a Minnesota, where he was elected to three terms as governor,

is a question time alone will answer. But Stassen already is listed in a recent Gallup poll as second only to Gov. Thomas E. Dewey of New York as the American people's choice for the Republican nomination in 1948. Stassen is a leading American public figure, and a man who already has contributed heavily to American statecraft and to the beginnings of the United Nations Organization.

Today, as he stumps the country expounding his beliefs, Stassen admits with his customary forthrightness that he is seeking to strengthen the "liberal and progressive elements within the Republican party"; to urge it to be "forthright, progressive and dynamic"; to develop in it "ever broader participation of the rank and file of the people"; and to make it worthy of the "support of youth and of the veterans."

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Stassen laid out somewhat the same program for Minnesota Republicanism back in 1938 when, a virtually unknown county attorney, he captured the party's nomination for governor and then went on to win the November election in a GOP landslide. Today, as in 1938, he insists that young people must be entrusted to an ever increasing participation in government and politics.

He carried out that pledge to Minnesota young people so well that his administration once became known as the "Diaper Brigade" because of its downycheeked administrators and executives. That prompted one veteran rural newspaper editor in Minnesota to observe ironically, after Stassen had appointed as state business manager a man of 36, "But, Governor, isn't he a bit old?"

Born April 13, 1907, Stassen lived the life of a typical farm boy, raising pigeons,

charge of putting in the crops and getting up long before dawn to haul his produce to the public market in St. Paul.

When his father recovered his health, Stassen started attending the University of Minnesota in nearby Minneapolis. But the family's finances were limited, and he still had to work. He first got a job as a grease boy in a bakery, later worked in an office and finally wound up as a Pullman conductor.

An honor student. Stassen still found time to become a champion orator, to serve on the university debating team, to lead the university rifle team which captured three national championships, and to become the ranking infantry officer in the school's ROTC.

The university gave him his first political opportunities, too; he was elected law school representative on the university student council, later became its

A few years later, Stassen had the opportunity to repay his friend by helping him be elected to Congress-on the Dem. ocratic ticket. That later raised strong protests among old-guard Republicans when Stassen ran for governor, but Stassen always insisted his friendship for Ryan came before his allegiance to any party-and most Republicans in Minnesota admired him for that stand.

Re-elected county attorney in 1934. Stassen began to look for new political worlds to conquer. He soon saw them, as the Farmer-Labor party began to crumble after the death of its dynamic leader, Floyd B. Olson. Biding his time, Stassen finally filed for the Republican nomination for governor in 1938, and in a whirlwind campaign during which he spoke on half the streetcorners in the state, he was nominated by a big margin over the old-guard candidate. And he went on to win final election and take a long slate of Republicans into office with him.

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Only 31 when he took office. Stassen was the youngest governor in the history of Minnesota and in the United States at that time. So when he came before the veterans of the state legislature with his program in January, 1939, the oldtimers smiled in anticipation of the pleasure they were going to have in wrecking the young hopeful's proposals.

But as other legislators and citizens have done ever since, that 1939 legislature soon realized Stassen was a mature man-and a smart politician. He asked reorganization of the state government, including appointment of a state business manager; reform of the fiscal system; an effective merit system in place of the spoils system for state employees; and a new plan for state conciliation of labor disputes with an enforced "cooling off" period before any strike or lockout could take place.

He got them all. As he had learned to do in college, and in his prosecuting attorney's job, Stassen sold his program with calm, persuasive talk; gave in and compromised on details; traded when necessary; but never lost sight of his

main objectives. Stassen's programs worked, and in 1940 he was re-elected. By then, he was winning national recognition, even though he was still a youngster, aged 39. And the man who in 1932 had come back to his alma mater to deliver the keynote address at the university's mock political convention, in 1940 was named the Republican keynoter for the party's national convention.

There Stassen's capacity for leadership and organization quickly made themselves evident. He took over the floor leadership for Wendell Willkie and six ballots later the big Indianian was the Republican nominee.

Because he was not narrowly partisan and showed gifts of leadership outside his own party. Stassen soon won other

(Continued on page 40)



NICE CATCH! Harold E. Stassen, left, former governor of Minnesota, shows a string of Minnesota wall-eyed pike to W. H. Vanderbilt, former R. I. governor.

rabbits-and skunks-on his "Sunnydale Pet Farm" and hiking across plowed fields and through deep snowdrifts to a nearby rural school. Even as a boy, he was a shrewd businessman. He advertised his pets in national magazines and sold them all over the country.

Showing perhaps the beginnings of the genius for organization which distinguished his career as governor of Minnesota, Stassen ran a roadside fruit and vegetable stand. And when he found he had too many jobs for one boy to do, he hired his sister to help him out.

Stassen finished high school in St. Paul, graduating at 14, a precocious youth who looked and acted older than his years-and who was always growing out of his clothes.

He wanted to tackle the University of Minnesota right away, but his father fell ill and Harold had to remain at home to run the family truck farm. He kept on the job for more than a year, taking

president and was recognized as the leading campus politician. He finally became so busy with his studies, his work and his extra-curricular activities that he had to hire a fellow student as a secretary.

After graduation, Stassen set up a private law practice in South St. Paul, another suburb of St. Paul, and then a year later, in 1930, filed for attorney of Dakota County. Then came a blow which almost put Harold Stassen on the political sidelines for good.

Weakened by his tremendous load of responsibilities at the university and by his terrific efforts to build up his law practice, Stassen became seriously ill. Instead of campaigning for county attorney, he spent much of that year in bed. But fortunately for Stassen, his law partner and college classmate, Elmer J. Ryan (a Democrat!), had a wide circle of friends in the county, and waged such a successful campaign on Stassen's behalf that he was elected.



With this issue, Christian Herald becomes again official reporter on church membership statistics in the U.S.A., taking over the annual survey from the federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America.

These are the latest available figures gathered from the authorized statisticians of the religious bodies represented. It is the only yearly compilation of statistics in the country.

THERE is bad news in this report for those who have been looking forward to the collapse of religion in the United States: the figures for 1946 show a net gain in American church membership of 1,076,153.

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Net Protestant gain for the year was 307,167. Net Roman Catholic gain was 363,970. The Jewish Congregations of the nation took no survey, and their membership stands as it was in 1945, at 1811,900.

So much for the "Big Three." Jewish and Roman Catholic figures speak for themselves; our readers, we believe, will be primarily interested in the Protestant ains and losses.

It is interesting that the largest single denominational gain in Protestantism omes in the report of the Evangelical Lutheran Augustana Synod of North America—an increase of 114,103. And the largest loss of any denomination is reported by the Evangelical Lutheran loint Synod of Wisconsin and Other States: a minus of 65,395. The Free Will Baptists almost doubled their membership with a gain of 109,772.

Other Protestant communions reporting increases of 25,000 or more include the National Baptist Convention (USA). The Church of God, the Congregational-Christian Church, Norwegian Lutheran Synod of America, Evangelical Lutheran Synod of Missouri, Ohio, and Other States, the Methodist Church and the Presbyterian Church, USA.

Losses are reported by seven groups: Unitarian (645), Salvation Army 1917), Protestant Episcopal (63,813), Colored M.E. (2,000), Wisconsin Synod (65,395), Latter Day Saints (59,702), and Evangelical (7,686).

Note that these figures cover only those churches with memberships of 50,000 or more. From 1932 to 1936, we attempted to report on all denominations, large and small; this gave us a list, by 1936, of some 175 denominations, and the results were confusing to our readers. It would be even more confusing to report on the more than 225 Protestant denominations operating in 1946. Many of these smaller groups may be quite as important, in some ways, as the larger ones, but it is also true that many of them are protest organizations which come and go quickly. For all statistical purposes, the reports of these 55 larger bodies give a fair picture of organized religion in the United States.

The evils of Protestant division are again glaringly apparent in these figures, yet there is a hidden unity here not to be seen in cold statistics. There are in deed over 225 Protestant denominations in this country, but 82 percent of all church members belong to 13 of these

denominations, and 97.4 of all church members are found in 55 churches.

Many of the statisticians consulted in this survey informed us that no adequate or comprehensive survey was possible this year, due to the swift population shifts of recent months. This explains why the same figures appear, for some denominations, in the reports for both 1945 and 1946. Had all the denominations been able to make their surveys, the Protestant increase would undoubtedly have been much higher.

This report represents the renewal of an old effort for Christian Herald. This magazine made the annual survey from 1932 to 1939, when the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America took over. The Council worked through 1945, and now turns the all-important task back to Christian Herald. We appreciate especially the nthusiastic cooperation of Dr. Benson Y. Landis, of the Council, in helping us with the survey this year.

MEMBERSHIP STATISTICS OF RELIGIOUS BODIES IN THE UNITED STATES

RELIGIOUS BODY		MEMBERS 1946	MEMBERS 1945	CHURCHES
1.	Seventh Day Adventists	201.035	194.832	2.549
2.	Assemblies of God	241.782	227,349	5,311
3.	Northern Baptist	1.565,400	1.555,914	7.266
4.	Southern Baptist	5 667 996	5,667,926	25,965
5.	Natl. Bapt. Conv., USA, Inc.	4,076,380	4,021,618	24,460
6.	Nati, Bapt, Conv. of Am.	2.352.339	2.352,339	7,386
7.	American Bapt, Assn.	115,022	115,022	1.064
8.	Free Will Baptists	228.643	118,871	1,393
9.	Natl. Bapt. Evan. Life & Soul Sav. Assem. of USA	70.843	59,743	644
10.	Primitive Baptists	69.157	69.157	1.726
11.	United Amer. Free Will Bapt.	75,000	75,000	380
12.	Church of the Brethren	181,087	180.287	1,021
13.	Church of Christ, Scientist	268,915	268,915	2,170
14.	Church of God	101,441	67.137	2.728
15.	Church of God (Anderson, Ind.)		83,875	1,572
16.	Church of God in Christ	300,000	300,000	2,000
17.	Church of the Nazarene	190,620	187,082	3,010
18.	Churches of Christ		309,551	10,000
19.	Cong. Christian		1.075,401	5,875 7,923
20.	Disciples of Christ		1,672,354	
21.	Evan. & Reformed		675,958	2,824 1,857
22.	Evangelical		255,881	508
23. 24.	Federated	88.411	88,411 70,000	950
25.	Relig. Soc. of Friends (Five Yrs. Meeting)	113,638 65,000	60.000	650
	Independ, Fund, Churches of America	810,644	870.346	1.823
26. 27.	Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints	114.027	113.064	566
28.	Reorgan, Ch. of Jesus Christ of Lat. Day Sts.		584,499	1.834
29.	American Lutheran Evan, Lutheran Augustana Synod of N. A.	487,266	373,163	1.123
30.	Norwegian Luth, of America		595.034	1,120
31.	Even Luth Synod of Mo Ohio & Othor States	1 204 124	1.356.655	3.992
32.	Evan, Luth, Synod of Mo., Ohio & Other States Evan, Luth, Jnt. Synod of Wisc, & Other States	259 097	324,492	841
33.	United Lutheran	1 719 821	1.690.204	3.765
34.	Mennonite		51.813	419
35.	African M. E.		868.735	7 265
36.	African M. E. Zion		489.244	7,265 2,252
37.	Colored Meth, Episcopal		382.000	4.200
38.	Methodist	8 083 767	8.046.129	40.698
39.	Cumberland Presbyterian		64.984	1.063
40.	Presbyterian, U. S.		565.853	3.513
41.	Presbyterian, U.S.A.	2 104 443	2.040,399	8.436
42.	United Presbyterian	198 759	193.637	844
43.	Protestant Episcopal	2.163.711	2.227.524	7,298
44.	Christian Reformed	128.914	128.914	310
45.	Reformed in America		169.390	742
46.	Salvation Army		208.329	1.368
47.	Unitarian		62.593	378
48.	United Brethren in Christ	433,480	433,480	2.748
10.	TOTAL PROTESTANT	42,100,271	41.593.104	216,710
49.	Roman Catholic		23,419,701	14,302
50.	Polish Natl. Cath	250,000	250,000	146
51.	Greek Orthodox	275,000	250,000	280
52.	Russian Orthodox	300,000	300,000	368
53.	Jewish Congregations	4,641,200	4.641.184	3,728
54.	Buddhist of America	70,000	70.000	46
55.	Internatl. Genl. Assem. of Spiritualists	. 100,000	100,000	236
TOTAL REPORTED71,700,142				235.816

^{*} Not Available



The music director of the New Life Mission, Dr. George C. Baker, lunches with young workers at Des Moines rally.

By PAUL H. ROBB

DDING to the growing evidence of a new interest in the age-old adventure of soul-winning, a new nation-wide evangelistic program was launched in Des Moines, Iowa, with a three-weeks' preaching mission running from January 6th to 27th.

Called the New Life Movement, the program is sponsored nationally by the Methodist Church, but it functions on a community-wide basis, cutting across denominational lines to weld the churches in the area into a united, aggressive force, specifically committed to the job of winning converts to Christ and His cause.

The effectiveness of the new approach is seen in the 1477 commitments to Christ registered during the three weeks in Des Moines; the attendance at the evening mass meetings totaled more than 41,000. Additional thousands of young people were reached with the Christian message in school convocations.

Speaking of his purposes, Dr. Albert E. Day, founder and director of the new program, said, "Many of our churches are lacking in a real vitality. It is something that has been creeping over us for a long time. True, there has been much activity in some churches, but it has been mostly of a social nature. We have seen a general decline in the emphasis on Christ and

Adventuring in Evangelism

Christian ideals. The thing that makes Christians has been sadly lacking. We need to recapture the experiences which made the early Church a force to be reckoned with."

The New Life Movement has three avenues of activity. First is the New Life Magazine, edited by Dr. Day and published weekly. Publication began in September of last year. Inspirational in general plan, the magazine is designed to contribute to the devotional life of the Christian; it carries departments on Bible study, the prayer life, and personal counselling. Circulation has already reached 25,000.

Second is the establishment of the Order of the Living Christ. This is designed to be a kind of inner circle of Christians who pledge themselves "to an earnest quest after the unsearchable riches of Christ by faithful study of the Word, by earnest prayer, by fellowship with Christ in service, and by regular attendance at the services of my church." Strong emphasis is put on the active participation of the member in personal

evangelism and work in the church.

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Third and most intriguing, is the preaching mission. This runs for three weeks and is conducted by a team of skilled specialists including a music director, youth leader, combination Bible teacher and labor relations expert, and a preacher. The present team is composed of Dr. Day who heads the mission and does the preaching in the mass meetings, Dr. James Chubb, Bible teacher and labor relations expert; Dr. George Baker, music director; and Rev. Howard Ellis, youth leader.

Let's take a look at the plan as it operated at Des Moines. We discover its vitality lies in its long view, its vertical approach, and its emphasis on youth. This New Life Mission is not just another "special meeting." held when an evangelist visits a church for a week or ten days to conduct special services. It takes a long view, both before and after the three-weeks' term of the preaching mission itself. Actually, the plan calls for a seven weeks' campaign, the first four being spent in organization and plan-



At the Youth Rally of the New Life Mission in Des Moines, young people respond to Dr. Albert E. Day's invitation for dedication to life service. 541 came.



Des Moines labor leaders meet with the New Life Mission team, between rallies.

ning for the three weeks the mission operated in the community.

The advance man carries the ball for the team. His job is to invite all denominations to participate and form the necessary committees among the co-operating churches. Schedules for civic club addresses, high-school and college convocations have to be set, and suitable locations found for the mass meetings, youth rallies, breakfast meetings, and Bible classes. A city-wide religious survey is organized; publicity must get under way, the co-operation of the press and radio must be secured. The advance man has a very busy four weeks.

More than 900 column inches of newspaper coverage on the mission, and numerous radio announcements and interviews, provided by local stations, testify to the keen interest created by the program in Des Moines.

To insure active participation in the evangelistic effort, each co-operating church assumes responsibility for the attendance of at least 10 percent of its membership each night of the mission.

Expected also is the help of teams of "doorbell ringers" whose job is to visit 1,000 homes every day of the mission and invite people to attend the nightly mass meetings, leaving a printed folder of information.

A team of lay visitors is organized and trained to do personal evangelism in the homes. Emphasis is put on the training so that the work is not haphazard. Dr. Day believes that a vigorous campaign of visitation evangelism must go hand-in-hand with public meeting evangelism. The program of training also includes a group of carefully selected counselors—men and women of spiritual insight and tact—who work in the Quest Rooms, aiding and advising those who have made decisions, seeking to lead them into fellowship with Christ.

The advance man and his committees have a very busy four weeks, but when their work is done the churches and the community are ready. There is an atmosphere of expectancy, and the team moves into the spotlight for three weeks of intensive vertical evangelism.

This vertical approach—striking through many levels of the community life—is the key to the mission's wide influence and effectiveness. For instance, a breakfast was arranged in Des Moines with labor leaders. They were asked to speak their minds about the relationship of the Church to labor's problems. They spoke their minds. Remarks were pointed, from both labor leaders and churchmen, but each accepted the comments in good faith, and there was a noticeable appreciation for each other's point of view.

Directed from the outset to reach and guide youth—especially in the age bracket of 18 to 25—each of the three Saturdays of the mission program was devoted to youth rallies lasting throughout the afternoons and evenings. In addition, every high school and junior high school in Des Moines, plus two colleges, was addressed by members of the mission team.

Taking a long view again, the mission team conducted a series of afternoon Bible study classes especially designed for young mothers. The purpose was to emphasize the important place Bible knowledge has in training a child in a Christian home. A nursery with trained attendants was arranged so the mothers could have their small children cared for during the class sessions.

The scope of the program is seen in the statistics of activities during the three weeks of the mission. The team members spoke in 27 schools of junior and senior high school grades, two PTA meetings, two college convocations, a meeting of school principals and superintendents, four labor groups, a management group, 12 civic clubs and business groups, 15 radio addresses, four youth rallies, 13 church groups and classes, and 20 preaching sessions which had a total attendance of better than 41,000.

The emphasis on youth is a major reason for the vitality of this new kind of evangelism. Speaking on this point Dr. Day said, "I am very anxious to have our youth rallies conducted on a high plane of seriousness. Young people must understand they cannot be passive Christians if the Church is to be effective. They must come to see that they need the zeal and daring which will saturate them with a spirit of aggression for Christ and His cause.

"It is tragic when youth rallies, conducted supposedly to win young people to Christ, add up to little more than surface excitement and a kind of religious vaudeville, having little or no thought-content, and little or no attempt to make clear what a life commitment to Christ means in terms of self-dedication and self-denial."

To fulfill his hopes for a church-centered youth movement, Dr. Day is launching nationally the Youth Crusaders program which got its start about a year ago in the Des Moines area of the Methodist Church. Planned for young

(Continued on page 52)

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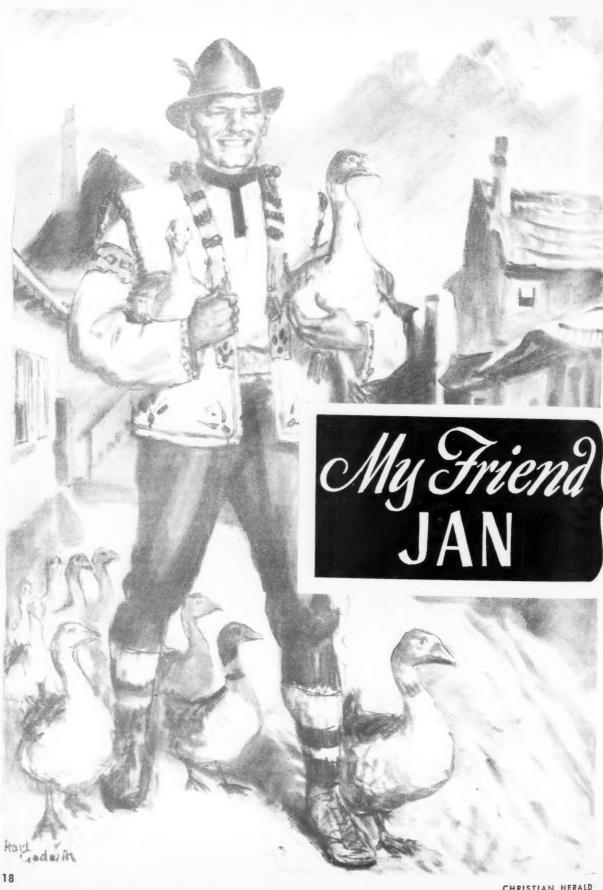
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America United counting JUNE 1

By WILLIAM CHAPMAN WHITE

E WAS a Czech, built short and squat like one of his own Tatra mountains. His head was square and solid, his hair always clipped short. Since he had poor eyes, he wore thick glasses. The wrinkles on his forehead and around his eyes were many and deep, plowed in by a perpetual squint. In fact, Jan Smetka looked like the perfect caricature of what he was—a student. He was a classmate of mine in graduate school.

He came to us from Prague University. For a long time he seemed distant, unwilling to make friends. That ended abruptly one night when he entered a seminar late and was reprimanded curtly by the professor, who asked, "A late

party, Mr. Smetka?"

"I am sorry," Jan answered. "Tonight was too many dishes where I work as dishwasher." The laughter that followed—with him, not at him—broke through his reserve and he grinned, with a grin that started somewhere up around his glasses.

Later he said that he had been one of

ogy. In the few spare hours he had each week he went to juvenile courts, asylums, clinics, night schools, department stores, stockyards—wherever there was something of living America that he felt he should know.

After six months his father began to send him money, and Jan gave up his dishwashing job. Now he could study America outside Philadelphia-study it, as he said, "on the hooves." He spent his weekends in mine and factory towns, at jails and reform schools, at poultry farms. His English improved. And he said, "Everywhere I go I find something. I say to myself, 'If I could take that back home to Czechoslovakia we would have a better country.' So I make notes how we can do it." By the end of his first year he had filled more than a dozen thick notebooks with comment on things he meant to discuss and introduce when he went back to his own land.

Shortly after school closed that spring I got a letter from him. Humbly it asked, "The greatest of favors—please

JAN WASHED DISHES TO PAY HIS TUITION AT THE UNIVERSITY.

the Czech soldiers who in 1918 had crossed Soviet Russia and Siberia to get back home, traveling eastward around the world. In his journey he had seen America, and what he saw he liked. He returned to Prague determined to come back to study in America. "My father, who is a general, said no," Jan told me, "but when Czechs decide something it is so, so I come. Now I work as a dishwasher every meal every day, seven days the week."

"When do you find time for study?"
I asked.

"Did you ever want to do something bad?" Jan asked. "If you did, you got it fixed so you could do it if you wanted to do it bad enough."

He never missed a class. Everything he did was part of a plan—the study of America. In his courses he studied United States constitutional law, its accounting and business systems, its sociol-

act as my financial referent for me for a job this summer." The job he wanted was selling maps and atlases from door to door. He got the job and was assigned to southern New Jersey, where a map or atlas is about the last thing that region's truck farmers, poultry keepers, and fishermen would ever spend a hard-earned penny on.

When I saw him in the following autumn he said, "I didn't make much money—just \$134 for three months' work—and I got \$130 of that by picking peaches! But everybody was kind to me. I worked on poultry farms and even washed dishes in a hotel and I had plenty to eat. And I know so much more about America, and about many things our people can do back home."

In his second and last year at the university he took more courses than ever. Yet somehow he found spare time to go to city council meetings, to debates in

the state legislature, to budget hearings. At the end of that year he knew more about American government in action than any Ph.D. in political science. He spent that year like a traveler spends his last hour at home—racing about to pick up things that might be useful some day, far away.

Before leaving for home he called on all his friends. "I shall go into government service," he said. "If you ever come to Prague—" he grinned for a last time, "I have become so American I know you will feel at home."

Three years later I had a chance to go to Prague. I could have gone directly to Berlin from Paris, but instead I sent a telegram to Jan. He answered, telling me to come not to Prague but to a little town in eastern Czechoslovakia. He met me at the station, wearing woolen stockings and knickers and looking like a German professor outfitted for mountain climbing. He still had his grin. And his first questions were all about America.

Apologetically he said, "We must walk a short distance. I have no car." That short distance turned out to be six miles. While we went along he explained that he was on vacation, and was spending it with his parents here. He added proudly, "I have married and you will meet my wife"

As we passed through clean little villages where geese guarded the crossroads, little children waved to him. "They call me their American uncle," he said, "because I am always telling everybody about the way Americans run their houses and their farms." In one village an elderly peasant stopped us and chatted for a while in the native language.

"He's interested in things American farmers do," Jan explained to me. "I'm trying to get them to move the manure piles away from their houses, to keep them covered, and not let all the goodness wash away with the rains while flies breed under the kitchen windows."

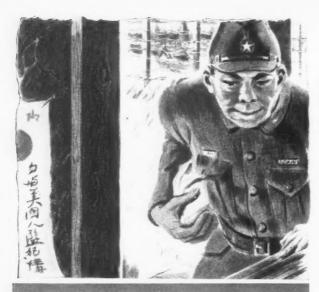
As he went along the climbing road he added, "I've been working in the Finance Ministry since I came back from America, but I still keep interested in other things."

In two days at his house I learned what he meant.

The house, a pleasant place on a hillside, was surrounded by gardens. The gardens were the pride of Jan's father, a tall rifle-straight old man who had been a general in the Austrian army in the first World War and at the same time a secret leader of the movement to free Czechoslovakia. Jan's mother was a gracious woman who spoke only Czech. Jan's wife was a beautiful peasant girl from a village west of Prague.

Jan and his father took me around the garden. The general's pride in his son was apparent. He pointed to a tomato vine. "Look at the size of those tomatoes," he said. "From seed Jan sent me

(Continued on page 44)



Something Under the Surface



By FREDERICK B. IGLER

EFORE me lies a letter from my friend, the American flyer. There is a hope for tomorrow leaping out of the lines of this letter that somehow gets hold of me, and makes me feel that there is a divine Something working under the surface of things that will beat the atomic bomb—if we have the courage to give it a chance.

But let my friend, the flyer, tell his story. The letter reads:

"We had just completed two runs strafing the airfield. I ordered a third. My engine was hit. I got the plane up to 300 feet and turning it over, I fell out. My parachute caught on the edge of an umbrellashaped tree. I dangled over the edge, and could not release myself. My plane was burning fiercely fifty yards away. The Japanese threw a large force around the area, thinking, as I learned later, that paratroops had dropped into it. I struggled to get my knife and cut the cords and finally succeeded, but in dropping the thirty-five feet, I broke my left arm and left leg. I lay there helpless while they took me prisoner.

"I was in a prison hospital in Bangkok, with my left arm and leg in casts. One morning shortly after my arrival I saw a Japanese soldier's face in the window of my room, staring at me, and looking around the room. I made up my mind that he was up to no good. So that day I asked the orderly to close the window. The next day, about the same time, I saw the same man standing in the doorway of my room with his hands behind his back. I became frigid. There he was standing at my bedside, his eyes fixed on me.

"After what seemed a long time, his left hand shot out suddenly, and he dropped a clean towel on the bed. Then his right hand, with two bars of soap. 'Hide them,' he said, and left the room. The next day and for many more days during my convalescence he brought me extra food. One day I asked him why he was doing this for me. (I was then the only American prisoner-of-war in the hospital.) In broken English, he said:

"'Years ago, when I was a little boy in Japan, I received one Christmas a beautiful doll from some unknown boy or girl in America. (Sending dolls of the children of other nations was a widespread project of good will following the first world war.) It made a great impression on me. Later, I joined the Christian church in my community. When I heard that an American was in the hospital, I looked into your room and I saw you did not bave a clean towel or soap, and I thought I might repay the kindness of that unknown American boy or girl who sent me the doll, by bringing you a clean towel and soap. I brought you the extra food because I thought in that way I might practice my Christianity."

So writes my friend, the flyer. Aye, Something is working under the surface . . .

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LOULA GRACE ERDMAN

RS. FRENCH replaced the receiver on the hook with a discouraged sigh. After all, she could not continue calling people indefinitely to ask if a boy's sweater had been left at their house. There was a limit to the possible places at which her thirteenyear-old son, Pete, with all his unbelevable capacity for absentmindedness, might leave his pull-over.

Certainly there was no telling where he might have left it. To use his own words, he got "hotter than any ole firecacker" when he exercised, even moder-

The boy was out, as he expressed it, "kind of doing some errands"-errands which had to do with his Scout work. From a combination of hints, intuition, and foreknowledge, Mrs. French knew that her son was in arrears in his records with his Scoutmaster. Some of the reasons she could only guess. Others she knew for a certainty. There was, for instance, the matter of the important meeting he had missed only last week. He had started dutifully enough, but before going a block, he had forgotten his destination and headed for a school basketball game which was scheduled for the following night. Discovering his error, he had started off belatedly to the Scout

Illustrator

CHARLES ZINGARO

meeting, only to be sidetracked when a three-engine fire developed close to his route. By the time he remembered his first meeting, it was too late to do anything but regret it.

At this time there was the matter of an award, or a promotion, or a badge.of some kind which Pete's heart distinctly craved. This day's activities were for the avowed purpose of paying off his obligations in a super-colossal set of good turns whose virtues were to offset in one fell swoop the mistakes and omissions of the past weeks.

"Do you have anything definite in mind?" she had asked her son when he announced his intentions this morning.

No m'am-I just thought I'd go 'round the neighborhood, sort of asking if they had anything they'd like me to do. I'm gonna keep a list of things they want, and check 'um off as I get 'um done."

The spirit of this pleased his mother so much that she allowed the faulty enunciation to pass entirely. Pete was improving. Keeping lists was the sort of thing her two daughters-Myra and Kitty-did. She sometimes reflected that it was a little hard on the boy to have two sisters removed both in temperament and age from him. The girls were orderly to the extreme, and equal to every occasion. Mrs. French sometimes admitted guiltily to herself that they got it from their father. She hoped, helplessly, that Pete did not get his traits from her. So, it was with a great deal of pleasure that she heard he had now come to taking notes, of his own volition. "That's a good idea," she beamed.

Fain would she have added more—cautions, suggestions, warnings. She might even have hinted that it would be well for him to show more dependability in neighborhood errands than he did with those entrusted to him by the family. At that moment, however, Kitty came down and interrupted the conversation.

"Guess I'll be going," Pete said, and loped off, giving his mother no chance to warn him about removing his cap while talking to ladies, thanking people for favors, wiping his feet before going into houses, and watching where he walked once he found himself inside.

"He's up early," Kitty remarked.
"What's wrong? Did he forget this was

Saturday and go to school?"
"No," Mrs. French replied, ignoring this sisterly crack at the boy's forgetfulness. "No—he's off to do some good turns. He has a number to catch up on."

"Oh," Kitty said. "Sort of 'Count-that-day-lost-whose-low-descending-sun-sees-from-thy-hand-no-worthy-action-done' idea. I hope he remembers not to post letters in fire alarm boxes."

Myra joined her sister just then and together they ate their breakfast, properly and decorously, took themselves off to jobs downtown in the same pleasant. well-ordered fashion. With them gone, Mrs. French busied herself with tasks about the house. Now and then, as the morning advanced, she caught glimpses of her son going to and fro in the neighborhood. Once she saw him knocking at Miss Lizzie Perkins' back door, bearing a plate of something. She could not tell what it was, for a white cloth covered it. She wondered fleetingly about the name of the person for whom the boy was doing that particular good deed.

One thing she was sure—it was not Mrs. Belva King. Between those two ladies—estimable characters in themselves—there existed a feud which was carried into the Ladies' Aid Society, the Neighborhood Improvement Club, and the Thursday Red Cross meeting, to say nothing of sundry unorganized and less formal gatherings. A great many people said wisely that both ladies were dying to make up, but neither would make the first move.

When Pete failed to report home for lunch, his mother was not surprised. Either someone had fed him or he had bought a hamburger at the "Drive Inn." By two o'clock she surmised he was not coming home because his errands had taken him out of the neighborhood.

The telephone rang. It was little Mrs. Thurman, a newcomer, who lived several blocks down the street.

"Do you know where Pete is?" the woman asked.

Mrs. French didn't know where Pete was, but could she do something for Mrs. Thurman.

"No-you see, he had promised to stay

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * A Gather's Heart

Hear Thou, O God of love This prayer of mine: Give me a father's heart Like unto Thine. May those who look to me, Ever more clearly see That which reminds of Thee, Father Divine.

Lend me Thy wisdom, too, That I may know Where childhood's trusting feet, May safely go. And may no path I make, Cause eager youth to take Ways that will Thine foresake, And lead to woe.

Make me more patient, Lord, Slow to reprove, Help me to understand, Teach me to love. This is my fervent plea: May I forever be Guiding young life to Thee, Father above.

-Kenneth C. Hendricks

with Mickey while I went downtown. He was to come at one, and he's not here yet."

Mrs. French thought quickly. She was sure that Pete was being unavoidably detained, she told Mrs. Thurman. (She did not venture a guess as to the dozens of things that might be detaining him!) But if Mrs. Thurman would just bring Mickey down at once, she'd keep him. Mrs. Thurman demurred only slightly, and almost before Mrs. French had the receiver back on the hook, there was the young woman bearing Mickey, a sober, wide-eyed child of three.

"He has his building blocks," the mother explained. "He'll play with them for hours. I wouldn't do this if I didn't have to—"

Mrs. French assured her it was no trouble at all. She wondered, guiltily, why she hadn't thought to offer to keep the child before. Young mothers were so tied down now, with help such a problem.

Mickey was, as his mother had prom-

ised, no trouble at all. Which was well for from the moment of his arrival, Mrs. French was kept busy on the telephone. First it was Mrs. Joel Harding. She was, according to those who knew her best. "the managing kind." No club was com. plete without her in some post of responsibility. She managed her own house as she did her civic work-a time for this and a schedule for that. She had every time-saving device and gadget on the market installed in her house so that her work went off with the ease and dispatch of an assembly line. She liked nothing better than to find an individual who would allow her to reorganize his affairs. All women could get things done if they would organize and install labor-saving devices, was her theme

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"This is Mrs. Joel Harding speaking," she explained unnecessarily, for her voice was like herself—ample, imposing, efficient. "Is your son Pete at home?"

"No—" Mrs. French's heart sank.

"No—" Mrs. French's heart sank. It had been easy enough to straighten out the mess Pete had made of Mrs. Thurman's errand. She was certainly in no position now, with this child on her hands, to make good any promise he had made to Mrs. Harding.

"No," she continued, "he is not here. Is there—is there anytihng I could do for you?"

"No—" for once Mrs. Harding hesitated. "It's the matter of a little bundle on my back porch. When I came home from the grocery store, there it was. One of my neighbors said she saw Pete leaving it there. I know it was some sort of a mistake, and I wanted to ask him about it."

Mrs. French said of course it was a mistake, and as soon as the boy got home, she'd send him over. She'd come herself to see if she could help solve the mystery, but she was keeping Mrs. Thurman's little boy while his mother shopped. Mrs. Harding said that was sweet of Mrs. French, and besides it gave her an idea. She was going to suggest to her Thursday Club that they take up that as a project. So many mothers could not get baby-sitters now. Women could find time for this extra service if only they would organize their work and have modern conveniences in their homes. etc., etc.

No sooner had she hung up her receiver than the phone rang again. This time it was Mrs. Belva King. Mrs. King was a brisk efficient woman whose cooking was something to write home about. In fact, any number of homesick soldiers whom she entertained regularly, were already doing so. Her specialty was a coconut cake. Everyone in the neighborhood hoped to have one sent him some day. The call dealt with a cake of this ilk.

"Sallie French," Mrs. King wheezed, "where is that boy of yours?"

"I don't know," Mrs. French said with what now had become a stock phrase.

"You wouldn't know what he did with a coconut cake I gave him to take to the food sale this morning, would you? It was to have been delivered to Mrs. Hawkins by ten this morning, and I couldn't make it myself, so I sent it by Pete. I wanted to pay him, but he said something about it's being one of his good deeds. And now Maud Hawkins called about half an hour ago to say the cake had never got there."

Across Mrs. French's mind flashed a picture. Pete, at Lizzie Perkins' back door just before ten this morning, delivering a package covered with a white cloth. Perkins—Hawkins. The names were close enough to confuse a better listener than Pete. She dared not mention this suspicion to Mrs. King, however. If that brisk, tart woman knew the cake was in the hands of her ancient enemy—! Besides, she could be mistaken about the matter.

"I can't tell you what he did with it."
Mrs. French told her. "I haven't seen him since morning. I'd start looking for him myself, only I have little Mickey Thurman while his mother is downtown."

"Well, now, that's sweet of you," Mrs. King purred approvingly. "More of us ought to offer to do things like that. I have to go out on some errands now, but on my way back I'll stop at your place. If Pete is at home by then, maybe he can help me get the thing straightened up,"

Mrs. French's heart sank yet lower. With Lizzie Perkins next door, Pete's mistake—if it had occurred—was that much closer to discovery. But all she said was that she'd have to go—the doorbell was ringing.

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Calista Franklin was at the door. Mrs. French had known her forever, and loved her warmly. It grieved her now to see the girl's pretty eyes red from weeping, her face swollen from tears.

"Where's Pete?" the girl asked, without preamble.

"I wish I knew," Pete's mother said desperately. "So does everyone in the neighborhood, it seems. What's he done —or failed to do—for you?"

"He's—Oh, Mrs. French—he's done it! I know he has. But it isn't his fault. It's mine—"

"Yes?" Mrs. French prompted her with sinking heart.

"I have to find him, and stop him if I can. Will you take me in your car? Daddy took ours to work today."

Mrs. French said yes, of course they would go look for the boy, although past experience had taught her the futility of trying to trail her son. Just then her eyes fell on little Mickey, playing quietly on the floor.

"I can't go with you. Calista. I have Mickey here. Take the car yourself. But first—tell me what Pete has done."

"He's—Oh, it's all my fault. I was blind and foolish—"

of Pete's having committed arson, or mayhem, or worse. After all, he had needed strong medicine to cancel those debts of his.

"Calista," she said firmly, "I can't help you unless I know what he has done. If it's an emergency, I'll get his father, or one of the girls, to come home from the office."

"I—I sent Ralph's ring back by him," the girl sobbed.

Mrs. French sat down weakly, too relieved to speak. At least, the boy had done nothing wrong. Her relief was swallowed up in concern over the girl's very evident unhappiness, however.

She knew all about Ralph and Calista. Everyone did. It was one of those love affairs that was public property, like the flowering almond in the park. And just as lovely. Calista's bright impulsiveness made a lovely foil for Ralph's quiet dependability. But they were both strongwilled. And just now, Ralph was touchy and short-tempered. Everyone who knew him at all, knew he was engaged in a war work so essential that they only laughed at his attempts to get into the armed forces. Everyone knew it, and yet there were those who wondered rather audibly why any able-bodied young man stayed out. Of course, no one had any business paying the least mind to the things people like that said, but Ralph resented them, hotly and often. If Calista had quarreled with him now, his own resentment at the things some people were saying was probably at the bottom of his impatience with her.

Mrs. French was certainly not prepared for what the girl said.

"I saw him kissing a girl," she said. "In his own living room, as I passed by from work last night. The shades were up, and the lights on, and I couldn't help seeing it all. And when I accused him—I was pretty mad, you may be sure—he just shut up and said I was just like everyone else in this town, and I wouldn't believe him if he told the truth, and I could just believe anything I wanted to."

The girl stopped, wiped her eyes.

"And then—I said a lot of things, and he got up and walked out on me. And I kept getting madder, so that this morning I just bundled up the ring and wrote a hot little note, and sent it back to him by Pete. I couldn't even wait for the mail—"

The girl was sobbing again.

"—and just awhile ago I found out. It was his cousin, just come to town for a visit."

"Take the car and go look for Pete by all means," Mrs. French told her. "Although I wouldn't have the faintest idea of where to tell you to start."

"Oh—I'll try. If I can just stop him (Continued on page 50)





FTER years of capricious extravagance which played practical jokes on me by tossing me helplessly between optimism and disillusion, I have at last learned how to spend money. Hmm, you say to yourself, as if anybody had to learn to spend money! Now, if she were going to undertake to talk about how to make money, or how to invest it, or even how to save it . . . but how to spend it!

But wait! I know how to spend it so I get something for it.

Money is funny stuff. Talk about a dual personality! Why, a ten-dollar bill has as many personalities . . . and as many sizes . . . as the eyes that measure it. The same few inches of paper, with marks engraved authoritatively on it, may shrink and stretch a dozen times a

day with its spending. It may be a half-week's salary in the morning: by noon, it may have traveled far and find itself being slipped on a decorous silver plate as part-payment for a luncheon for three. By twilight it may almost pay for an orchid, and at midnight when the long day's work is done, it may travel home in the tired back pocket of a taxi driver, to pay the next two weeks' rent. How big was that ten dollars anyway? It depends upon who answers, doesn't it?

Sometimes money is only a dazzle which blinds the eye. Sometimes that dazzle makes you grope out and clutch odd objects whose meanings pass when the dazzle passes. Money sometimes casts a hypnotic glow over what its focus rests upon, so that the buyer sees not the tangible object, a frock, a new parlor rug,

but instead a magic transformation, a wistful satisfaction long sought. If we had this one thing, we would somehow have happiness. . . .

But even while you feel most dizzily predatory, even when you say inside yourself that you've simply got to have that darling little whatever-it-is, you know you can't be sure of the satisfaction. You remember other things you've bought, and how the light faded out of them in a day or so. You remember from experience how a great deal of money sometimes bought pitifully little. But you also remember that sometimes trifling pittances purchased a miracle.

Once I saw a knot of people looking in a jeweler's window. Two big policemen flanked the crowd with angry alertness. On display was a single huge dia-

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BY MARGARET LEE RUNBECK

mond, and a card saying that the stone was valued at \$125,000.

In the crowd was a tired little messenger boy, a thin old woman, a girl with a violin case, and several average persons. The policemen looked ashamed of themselves, and we all looked ashamed of the shabbiness and unimportance of each other. The diamond was worth being guarded . . . but nobody was guarding us, for we had no card attached to us saying we were worth some fabulous

The whole thing was sordid and humiliating, because it put the emphasis of value on the wrong side of the window-glass. All of us looking in could have had our lives transformed . . . our whole span of lifetimes changed, no doubt, by that single glittering mineral accretion. It took up less than a square inch of space; there was nothing useful it could do; it had no meaning or purpose, except to represent raw wealth. Yet it could have bought and sold us all: and two policemen had been hired to keep an eve on it, to protect it, presumably, from our need, or our wrath, or our moral indignation.

After years of being mystified about the meaning of money, suddenly I stumbled on my secret for getting something out of it. I came a long roundabout way to my knowledge, and the path was strewn with dead dollar marks. My discovery is one so simple it is usually hidden from the wise and prudent, and revealed only to children, artists and hoboes. Not a distinguished group, you say? Yet a wise man practicing this secret will become the envy of his peers.

Along my way to learning it, I bought a hundred-dollar tablecloth. I bought it on an impulse, without analyzing why I wanted it. When I brought it home, we all admired it, all except our dear Lilliam. She just sighed and shook her head.

"Don't you like it?" I said uneasily oher.

"No'm," she said honestly. "It makes my feet ache jes' to think about arnin' it." Then she hurried on to reassure me, seeing my chagrin. "But ef'n it mean somepin to you, Missy, ah'll see if it cain't mean somepin to me."

So then I began wondering what it actually did mean to me. During the next year, when we had dinner parties elegant enough to justify the tablecloth, I used to look down the length of it and

wonder why I got so little real pleasure from it.

And yet, I analyzed to myself, why should the mere owning of it give me more pleasure than it was giving my guests? I deserved no praise for owning it: anyone who happened to have the money could have bought it; buying it required no special talent. I had not made it with my own patience or my skill. It showed, in fact, no special accomplishment of mine in any way.

Just as an object for the eye to dwell upon, it was not surprisingly beautiful. Frost on a window-pane is lovelier; foam

on a lifting wave is lacier. . . .

Then, what did it mean? I kept prodding myself, and finally I had to admit that all it really added up to was the casual glint in some other woman's eye, only her quick envious observation that we are people who own an extravagant tablecloth.

Could it be possible that the only meaning in an expensive tablecloth, or in any other luxury item, is the exclusiveness which it implies, and the envy which it generates?

But I denied that angrily to myself. "I'm certainly not as petty as all that," I defended myself. "I bought it because I enjoy looking at it." So I answered myself sternly, "All right, my girl. Look then." But my attention would not stay on it long, for there was nothing in the

object for me to think actively upon. It led my thinking nowhere. My attention went wandering off on pleasant little diversions of its own, and the table-cloth just lay sullen and meaningless.

It was then that I stumbled upon my discovery about money. I thought of all the things I had bought which had been worth buying . . the shrubs, our old English sheep dog, a thousand books and concerts, gifts to be sent without waiting for some special occasion, perfume to use whenever I pleased. Then I saw the light.

The best money is spent in the realm of time, not in the realm of space.

The purchases which are snares and delusions to embitter the heart and shrivel the mind with boredom, are all finite little objects existing only in space.

Whatever we own, is ours only to the extent that it enters into our consciousness and becomes ourselves. A man can carry home from a concert as much as his mind understands; he can enrich himself at an exhibition of paintings, or he can walk through blindly, leaving all the beauty where it is hung. But whether his treasures are "boughten ones" or those he owns only through experiencing, there must be a synthesis of enjoyment into permanent personality. And this is a process that involves time-consciousness.

Objects in space . . . jewels, furs (except occasional ones bought for actual warmth), knick-knacks and gadgets, most furniture, most clothes . . . are capable of exciting enjoyment only on the two-dimensioned plane of awareness.

But the real enjoyments . . . the real possessions which alone are worth working for and then buying, exist in the four-dimensioned realm of time. They offer continuity of enjoyment. Sports equipment, books, phonograph records, theater tickets, travel, dinners with friends, and the little second-hand car . . . these belong in the realm of time.

Objects are finite. Think of a jewel (Continued on page 63)



OBJECTS IN SPACE HAVE NO OUTCOME EXCEPT DISINTEGRATION.



Illustrator

CHARLES ZINGARO

part begins."
"Maybe," said Mr. Esterbrook pensively. "But in a way those early days were fine. You know, Charlotte, I've often thought that I should have been living then. That life would've suited me right down to the ground."

Charlotte looked around at the luxuriously furnished library (it was the one rain v

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Mrs. Jessop continued reminiscing. "With my striped taffeta crochet bag still over my arm, I went out in the rain with Miss Kate. I protested every step of the way, but I knew good and well that Miss Kate wasn't listening to a word I said."

room in the Esterbrook house where she felt comfortable) and smiled a little. "Quite a difference from what you've got here, Mr. Esterbrook."

"Soft," said Mr. Esterbrook. "We've all gotten soft. Automobiles, electric gadgets, telephones, radios-all very well, but we've paid a big price for them, a big price for a little comfort."

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"I mean freedom!" said Mr. Esterbrook vehemently. "Why, in those days a man could do as he pleased, no strings attached. He could go where and when he wanted: he could take what he wanted; and that's the way it ought to be! The strong ones surviving and getting stronger, the weak ones dropping by

"Yes," said Charlotte a little hastily, for he was getting much too excited and Dr. Ross had warned that he must be kept as quiet as possible, "yes, I suppose in those days a good many men did take

Sunopsis: Young, attractive CHAR-LOTTE MACKIE leaves the big city to become secretary to JAMES E. ESTERBROOK in Sand Creek. ANGELA, his daughter, tall, slim, friendly, meets Charlotte at the station and drives her to the Esterbrook house. On the way, Charlotte hears about the almost fabulous MISS KATE, recently deceased, whose kindness and many good deeds made her the town's greatest benefactor. The Esterbrook mansion is large, expensive, forbidding. Mr. Esterbrook is tall and stooped; somewhat shaky, nervous as a result of recent illness. During convalescence, he hit on idea of writing Sand Creek's history. He needs Charlotte to help him, This she would do mornings; afternoons she would work at the Sand Creek Courier, owned by Mr. Esterbrook. MRS. ESTERBROOK is cool, cultivated; patronizing toward Charlotte. Lunch with the Esterbrooks is a trying hour for Charlotte. Later, she meets DAVID GARDINER, young, handsome, witty, who edits the Courier. Charlotte takes an immediate liking to him, but she must be on guard, for it seems Mrs. Esterbrook looks on Dave as her future son-in-law. Charlotte boards with MRS. JESSOP, Miss Kate's housekeeper, in Miss Kate's house. Miss Kate willed the house to Mrs. Jessop. Mrs. Jessop is a little woman whose crusty exterior hides a warm Other boarders are: MR. SHAW, old, dignified; MRS. GILROY and MISS CRAIG, middle-aged gossips; IRENE KEMSKI, kindhearted Polish hairdresser. Now go on with the story.

what they wanted, as you put it. But I'll bet some of them at least didn't feel too happy in their minds over fooling someone weaker than they were. People had consciences then, just as they have

There was an odd silence. Charlotte stared in surprise at the effect her innocuous little remarks had had on Mr. Esterbrook. His brows were drawn together fiercely, and his eyes had a suspicious, wary look, as if for some reason he were on guard against her, Charlotte.

"Tomorrow morning, Miss Mackie," he said coldly. "The usual time."

His dismissal was so abrupt that the quick color rose in Charlotte's face as she gathered up her things and prepared to leave. "I'll be down at the Courier this afternoon," she said, trying unsuccessfully to keep the tremble out of her voice. Her face was still flaming. "I'll-I'll see you tomorrow."

"WHAT'S THE MATTER with you?" asked Dave, as soon as she walked into the Courier office that afternoon. "You look like Chief Rain-in-the-Face himself !

"Nothing," said Charlotte in a small voice; "not a thing."

"Come on," said Dave, leaning back in his chair behind the typewriter and smiling cheerfully. "Tell uncle all about

His sympathy was irresistible, and Charlotte found herself telling the whole puzzling little incident of the morning. It isn't as if I said anything, really, she finished. "I wasn't even disagreeing with him. I was just trying in my own quaint way to change the subject because he was getting so steamed up."
"I give up." said Dave, after a mo-

ment of thought. "Evidently you stepped on his toes without knowing it. But don't worry about it, Chicken. Probably right this minute he's ashamed of bawling you out, and tomorrow he'll tell you so,

"Does he ever yell at you?"

"Does he!" Dave whistled in remembrance. "He's fired me twice—no, three times. The first time I naturally thought he meant it and didn't come to work the next day. So he came and got me and asked what I meant, taking him seriously. And since then I just go on about my business and don't pay any attention to him. He honestly doesn't mean anything by it. It's just sort of fireworks.' "Well-" said Charlotte doubtfully.

"No kidding, Charlotte; I've seen the bad side of him. But I've seen the good side too, and it's swell-a lot better than some folks in town like to think. I owe the Esterbrooks more than I can ever hope to repay." Dave's voice had grown very serious, and there was something else in his face that Charlotte had seen once or twice before, a kind of hurt, sad

'Maybe I'm still just sore from this morning," she said, "but I can't see why you're eternally indebted to him just because he gave you a job. You're a lot better editor than he could ever hope to be, and he knows it. You do, too.

"Listen here, Chicken," Dave said quietly; "you're sounding off on a subject you don't know anything about. So I'll enlighten you. It's a wonder to me that everyone else in town hasn't already told you. If it weren't for Mr. Esterbrook, I could never have gone to college."

Dave looked down at the typewriter and fingered the keys nervously. "Mymy dad and Esterbrook were partners in a business for a while. It was years ago, long before I can remember. Dad never talked much about it, except to say that he'd be a rich man if the business with Esterbrook hadn't gone sour. He'd put everything he had into it, and when it blew up he lost it all.'

"What about Esterbrook?"

"He lost some too, of course. But even then he had the lumberyard and the Courier, so he wasn't all washed up like Dad."

"I see."

"Well, Dad never did get back on his feet, in a financial way. I delivered papers and took care of Miss Kate's lawn and furnace for her, and we made out one way and another. Then Dad got sick, He was in bed all that year, and Miss Kate took care of him the last six months. I don't know how I got along. That year is just a blank in my mind. They say you forget the things you can't bear to remember. Anyway, he-well, he just died, at last.'

Charlotte shifted unhappily in her chair and wished she could think of something that would fit the occasion. There weren't any words for this sort

"That's when Mr. Esterbrook stepped

in." Dave's voice was matter-of-fact again. "I mean in that year when Dad was so sick. At first Dad didn't seem to like it when Esterbrook started coming around to Miss Kate's to see us. But then after Esterbrook offered to help me through college and all that, he changed his mind. And then of course he'd always thought the world of Angela."

Angela. Of course, thought Charlotte. "We'd been sort of pals all through high school," said Dave, looking down at the typewriter again. "As far as that goes, grade school, too. Angela was swell, always, to both of us. Even Mrs. Esterbrook. At first she used to be—well, you know how she is."

"Yes," said Charlotte, "I certainly do."
"She seemed to resent what Mr. Esterbrook was doing for me. Then, the second year I was in college she changed.
Practically overnight. Started inviting me up for dinner, and all that. And ever since, she's treated me like one of the family almost."

Like one of the family. That, obviously, was Mrs. Esterbrook's idea. Was it Angela's? Was it Dave's? Not that it matters much. Charlotte thought hopelessly. If Mrs. Esterbrook's mind was made up, that was the way it would be.

"And that, boys and girls, concludes today's thrilling episode in the life of Daredevil Dave." Dave's tone was light, but he continued to sit there, looking past Charlotte's head, with that beaten, unhappy look still in his eyes. There was something more Charlotte was convinced. There was something Dave hadn't told her or anyone else, something eating on him, as Mrs. Jessop had said.

The subject, she decided, needed to be changed. "Well, I suppose you've got stacks of proof for me to read," she said. "Let me at 'em."

Mrs. Jessop's rooming house had settled into its Sunday-afternoon doze. Sunday morning, with all its bustle of good clothes and palm-leaf fans and church, was past. All the Sunday roasts and chickens and pies à la mode had been eaten, the last dish cleared away and washed. And the spell of a Sunday afternoon in summer—warm and langorous—fell over the whole town.

On Sunday afternoons, it seemed to Charlotte, Miss Kate almost—almost—came back to her house. If she closed her eyes as she sat in Miss Kate's living room in the big leather armchair and then opened them again, quickly enough, she would catch Miss Kate sitting at the rosewood desk or hurrying down the staircase.

Just then Mrs. Jessop came down the stairs with her Sunday School Quarterly



"What's the matter with you?" asked Dave, as soon as she walked into the "Courier" office. "You look like Chief Rain-in-the-Face himself." under her arm. Every Sunday afternoon she read over next week's lesson, and, if she forgot it by the next Sunday (which wasn't likely), then that was the Lord's will. "Well, Charlotte," she said, "too nice a day to spend indoors. Come on out in the yard and set a spell."

"All right," said Charlotte as she stood up and stretched. "I guess I have energy enough to get that far."

Mrs. Jessop said sharply that she should hope so.

Out in the yard Charlotte settled herself in the hammock, and Mrs. Jessop sat down in the willow basket chair, adjusted her glasses, and opened her Quarterly. Charlotte swung lazily back and forth, looking up at the cottonwoods above her as they shimmered in the sun.

After a while, Charlotte spoke. "I guess you knew Miss Kate better than anyone in town, didn't you?"

"I ought to. Kept house for her thirtyfour years. And, of course, I knew her before that. Why, I was in her Sundayschool class for years. Cried to beat the band when they promoted me to the Young Ladies. We all did. And then Horace and me lived neighbors to her, where Nichols live now. Yes, I guess you could say I knew Miss Kate. 'A Remarkable Woman.' A better one never drew the breath of life." Mrs. Jessop looked off across the yard, her face softening, her eyes misting a little. "Why, child, child," she said, "I can remember—"

One never-to-be-forgotten day was the first day she ever worked for Miss Kate. There were some days, Mrs. Jessop thought, that you wished you could forget, and that was one of them. Somehow, losing Horace less than a year before had been bearable—hard, oh, terrible hard, but she could bear it. There had been something left—"the children," her two little girls, Viola and Myrtle. Curly-headed they were, both of them,

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JUNE 1





OU could hardly blame Aunt Mary's niece. Sarah, for practically breaking up my tea party the other afternoon. She burst into the house with the happy news that she was going to graduate from high school with her class. You see, she has been ill for quite a spell this winter, and although she worked hard, Sarah wasn't sure that she'd be able to make the grade. Now she knows she has, and is she happy? And is she making plans? For what? Why a Graduation Party, of course! Isn't that the dream of most girls? I guess there are hundreds of thousands of boys and girls, just as excited as Sarah, and when I try hard, I can remember, faintly to be sure, how excited and thrilled I was on that great day.

Well, Sarah wanted to help, and she came to just the right place because that afternoon Aunt Mary was there, and so were Edith Breit and Sarah Van Deventer, both of whom have a way of turning up with good suggestions whenever you need them. So we put our heads together and tried to make some worthwhile suggestions. Sarah was all a-bubble (not so much though that she missed the plateful of Meringue Jam Cookies that Edith had brought over, the recipe for which appears at the end of this article), her enthusiasm was boundless and nothing that we suggested seemed too much trouble for her to undertake. Ah, youth! She wanted the "works," that was the way she put it, and we gave it to her. She's going to make favors, invitations, and serve supper to twenty of her best friends. If you are going to have a party, would you like to know what we finally decided for Sarah's affair? There's an dea or two here that might strike your fancy.

So let's start at the beginning, and that means with invitations! They are the make-your-own kind, and look like the diagram at the top of this page. This verse will be printed in the center:

Classmates, would ye happy make me?
Come then, join the merrie party.
Graduation Day is ours!
Supper's served amid the flowers;
Setting sun or six o'clock.
Dressed in your festive frock,
Open wide our garden gate—
Entrance to our gala fete.

There it is, a tricky invitation! Sarah is going to print them on cherry-colored paper with white ink (those are the school colors). Then, the invitation and envelope being one, she'll fold on the dotted lines, and tie the flaps with a white ribbon. Just because she wants to, she is going to deliver the "invites" in person, but they could just as simply be put in the mail, if the name and address were also printed in white ink.

Her main problem was what to feed the gathered "grads," and that's what she really wanted our help for. Maybe you would have other ideas, but here's what we decided:

1946 Appetizer
Diploma Croquettes
Lower Classmen
Teacher's Delight
Future Ambition
Class Salad
Graduation Cap Dessert

Perhaps I'd better interpret! It means: Fruit juice; chicken croquettes in finger-shaped rolls, decorated with parsley; potato chips (Why call them lower classmen? Because you always have to have them!); vegetables; roll (ambition to win their own bread); fruit moulded in gelatin squares with "46" printed in

the center of each with cream cheese; and for dessert, a slice of sponge cake, topped with a slice of ice cream, chocolate sauce and whipped cream for cover and tassel.

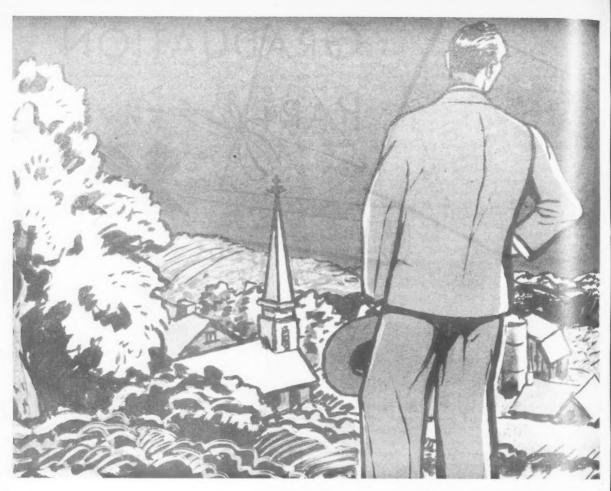
Sarah made up the fancy names, we couldn't think of much beyond the food. But we did suggest that since she was so clever, she ought to use the menu in her favors. Write it on an oblong piece of white paper, roll it up like a diploma and tie it with a red ribbon. A small place card attached to the ribbon will end the indecision on the part of any bashful boy as to whether or not he dares sit beside the girl of his fancy. The diploma will rest on top of a small notebook which will be used later for autographs.

And that's not all! Everything about this party will be very "graduation-y." For a centerpiece, Sarah's going to dress two dolls in cap and gown, each will hold a pennant—white numerals, 1946—on a cherry background. The candles, too, will be cherry or red and white, but I suggested that if the party is to be outdoors, that she's better get chimneys to put over them if she wants them to stay lighted.

With a twinkle in her eye, Sarah proceeded to give us an idea of some of the things that they were going to do, things that every high-school "grad" will find amusing:

Our Memory Book: Each class member is to get as many autographs and original remarks in his favor notebook as he can. The autographs are to be numbered so that you'll know when the book is completed. When everyone is finished,

(Continued on page 49)



By J. WALLACE HAMILTON

NE hundred years ago, an American patriot died in the city of Tunis, North Africa. He was buried there in the Protestant cemetery of St. George. Thirty years later, the United States government sent a delegation to search out that lonely grave. They removed his casket from the quiet cemetery, wrapped the Stars and Stripes around it, brought his remains to Georgetown, Maryland, and reburied him with national honors, while both houses of Congress joined in the solemn ceremony. He had fought no battle, commanded no army. He had just written a song-a simple plaintive song that struck a universal note and touched a responsive chord in the heart of the universal man:

'Mid pleasures and palaces, where'er we may roam

You Can't go

Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.

We don't sing it much now; the language and ballad style belong to another day. But we feel it now and perhaps never before so much. Homesickness! What is it? Is it what it seems, a yearning for old familiar things? Or is it more than what it seems, some deep in us like the tide in Tennyson's poem, calling out for another deep to which we infinitely belong? Is it a tug backward, or a pull upward?

That is a tremendously important question now, because a major force in shaping the future for good or evil will be that nostalgia, the mass homesickness of our time. Get down into the emotions of people the world over now, and the great sickness of our generation is a kind of homesickness, whether it is G. I. Joe singing, "Gee, Mom, I want to go home," or his mother, wife and children trying to celebrate Christmas without him, or all of us, tired of turbulence, violence, and being uprooted, wanting to find some order in life again.

We are all homesick and we all want some kind, friendly sod beneath our feet again. We must understand that mass emotion, because it can lead us to escape and disaster, or it can become the driving force for a new order in the earth.

Our topic is borrowed from the title of a book written by the late Thomas Wolfe. His first book was really, under its fictional guise, the story of his home town and the people with whom he lived in his youth. A young woman who was born in that town said, "Thomas Wolfe rattled the skeleton in every closet so that the favorite pastime of the townspeople ever since is to recognize each other's portrait in his story, and some of them are pretty mad." After fame came to him, he went back to his home town and found it was not the same at all. His book, "You Can't Go Home Again" is the reflection of that mood. Well, many of us who can't write a book have had the experience. We, too, have discovered that we can never go THE F DERS ONE.

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expect JUNE 19 THE FIRST REQUISITE TO ANY NEW ORDER IS A CLEAR UNDERSTANDING THAT WE CAN'T GO BACK TO THE OLD ONE, "YOU CAN'T GO HOME AGAIN."



back and pick up the threads of a former way of life, however homesick we are for it, or however wistfully we look back over our shoulder to it. And the reason can be stated in one word, "change."

We have all gone back, some time or ther, to the home of our youth-and it wasn't there. People had changed, the atmosphere had changed, and we had changed. For this world, like Ol' Man River, "Jes' keeps rolling along" changing with every turn, every fond remembrance of the long ago. An Ephesian philosopher back before Plato said, "You never look twice at the same river.' That is also true about the stream of life itself. No matter how swiftly you turn back to look at it, the waters have passed and you are looking at other waters. Stand and stare at the stream of life and before you can register it as the present, thas become the past.

That principle of change is written in the very structure of the universe. We smetimes think of nature as a fixed nutine with laws so rigid and matter so slid, that not even God can break through to answer a prayer. Of course, and "seasons"—these return with predictable regularity. Some are capricious, unpredictable, like storms, winds, frosts, and a million million kaleidoscopic changes that keep the world fresh, fluid.

Oddly enough, it is out of this very nature of things-the ceaseless shifting of scenery-that most of our homesickness comes. Nothing here will stay fixed, however much we'd like it to. Our bodies won't, our youth won't. Just get out an old photograph and see. And you can never go back to it. The drugstores can't take you back there, for Life isn't going that way. A mother starts her boy off to school for the first time with a little choking in her throat for she knows he'll never be the same again. Up to now, he's been tramping on her feet; from here on, he'll be pulling at her heart. The highchair goes up to the attic, and from here on, it's a race to keep his trouser leg within speaking distance of his feet. Certain it is, he'll never go back to the highchair, for Life goes forward.

I remember a day in my own life, when after my decision to enter the ministry, I packed my clothes for school Commencement time. They cling to each other like birds before the nest is broken. Boys grasp hands warmly, telling each other they will write, meet some time, keep that old class together; girls kiss each other with unashamed affection, saying how they will miss each other, and "You must come and see me sometime." What these young people do not seem to know is that they can never get that moment back again, or maybe something in them does know it, and they are trying by every device of sentiment to hold it.

This, too, is the soldier's loneliness. The bestiality of war sets up in his mind a nostalgia that consumes his very soul. "What do we talk about here?" a soldier asked in a letter to his wife. "Nothing very important. Here we are on this boat cruising around and we know what we're waiting for, waiting for the island to be softened up enough for us to go ashore and take it. But we haven't talked about that-or the war. We've talked about which drugstores in our home town make the best chocolate ice cream sodas; about George, the cop, who would chase you for speeding but let you off without a fine; about the way the trees at home must be changing color now. We want to think of home as being the way we used to know it." Sometimes they get home and the thing they dreamed of isn't there. Change! Renan said that to him this was the very saddest thing in life, the fact that everything was in flux, nothing would stay fixed, and nothing was good enough to last. It is that tinge of sadness that makes the emotion we call homesickness, but we might just as well get used to it, for it is life itself. You can never go back to what you were, to what your friends were, to what anything was when you left it.

I HAVE TAKEN some time with that common everyday experience for it is precisely this simple fact we need to see in the world's life. The first requisite to any new order is a clear understanding that we can't go back to the old one. "You can't go home again." For millions, that is literally so. In a bombed street in Coventry one of our war correspondents came upon a little boy and girl. "I want to go home," cried little sister. Big brother, his old little face looking straight ahead with that British stolidness that stood once between civilization and chaos said, "We can't go home, kid. Home's gone with the bombs." To millions, life is saying that quite literally: "You can't go home again."

It is saying it to many others, geographically. The U.S. authorities wanted to deport a man from this country, who, before the war, had entered illegally. But, getting down into the case, they found themselves confronted with an amusing international dilemma, as the alien waved his arms and tried, in his

(Continued on page 42)

Home Again

there is uniformity and consistency but also marvelous variety—freshness, sponlaneity. I once talked about that with a gifted woman and she said that to her, this flux and flow of nature was illustration of the creativeness of God. "Behold, I make all things new."

Everything in this giant universe is in otion, these billions of heavenly bodies e constantly shifting their positions, oving swiftly on their orbits in every meivable direction, thus perpetually hanging their gravitational force and eir power of attraction on all other dies so that nothing is ever twice in the same place. In our own constellaion, for example, we are at this moment here we have never been before, and fore I say it, we have passed it and never be there again in all the eteral years. It is this endless shifting, this anging of gravitational forces that oduces variety, an infinite variety of bences, so that nothing remains fixed. me of them are consistent enough to expected; we call them "day," "night" and Father drove me out of the farm-house gate down to the station. I kept looking back to the old house with some adolescent word about missing it and my father said, "Don't look back, Walace; don't ever look back." I know now, it was his way of telling me I had come to the end of something and could never go home again.

Sometime ago, I sat down in the home of a fine elderly couple. They had asked me to come to make arrangements for the transfer of their church letters. They had severed the old ties in the city where they had always lived, had bought the new home with a quite definite feeling of turning the page to another chapter; we talked about that and had a prayer about it. He smiled and said, "When the children left us, Mother kept the rooms for them for two years with the idea in her mind somehow they would be back. I didn't have the heart to tell her what we both knew, that they never would be back."

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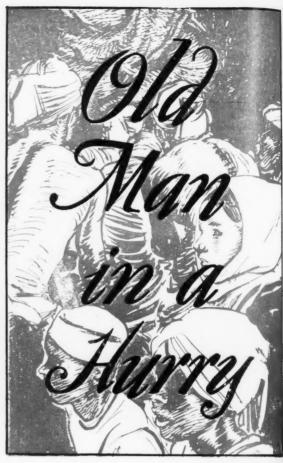
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By CLARENCE W. HALL

HE State of Florida is, among other things, a happy hunting-ground for contestants. In season, you find yourself invited on every hand to help find the biggest sailfish, the bounciest baby, the most gorgeous suntan, the doughtiest domino player, the fleetest sailboat, the most courageous alligator-wrestler. And so on, far into the bizarre.

But let us suppose you were invited to put the finger on the busiest man in Florida. Your choice would depend on your contacts, of course. If in an unwary moment you had exposed yourself to his ministrations, you'd pin the label at once on that real-estate agent who hounded you from Jacksonville to Key West. Or if you had fallen afoul of the housing problem, you might name the room clerk at one of those fancier hostelries where crowds assemble in the lobbies and fight for the privilege of paying \$36 per dayand up. Or if your trip southward last season was only an imaginary excursion aboard the flood of ads and tropical tracts that flowed northward from Tallahassee, then you'd surely say that the busiest man must be the fellow who dreams up all that seductive literature.

But you'd be wrong. If you're really after Florida's busiest man you've got to go down to Green Cove Springs, hop a bus and travel eight miles out to the Memorial Homes Community. Here on the now-famous "sixty acres of heaven," created by J. C. Penney and now owned and operated by Christian Herald, where some ninety retired ministers and their wives are discovering paradise on a pension, you will find him.

He is Dr. Alexander Corpron, ex-medical missionary and now specialist in "geriatrics"—meaning, in layman's language, the ailments of old age. His name may not be familiar to you. But out in India it's a name to conjure with.

Ever since 1942, when he first brought his healing skills to Penney Farms, he's been a self-styled "old man in a hurry." You'll see him at almost any time of day or night, striding across the well-kept grounds of the Community, his little black bag and his stethoscope swinging at his side, his tall frame bent forward by an urgency that seems to be nagging at his feet: "Come on! Quit lagging behind. There's work to do!"

You stop him in his tracks. You comment that his feverish haste seems out of tune with the beautiful restfulness of this place. He looks down at you from his erect height, says something brusque about "pains won't wait," and indicates that if you want to talk you've got to walk—fast.

So you trail him about, and you gradually pry out of his natural reticence the story of a man who intended to be a preacher, lost himself instead in medical studies, heard the high call to medical missions, abandoned a lucrative practice for the filth and disease and superstition of a dreadfully unenlightened people, fought plague and poverty and caste for thirty-five years, built and financed almost single-handedly one of the outstanding surgical institutions of Western India, and then "retired" to wear himself out caring for those who did become preachers and who, by the grace of God and the provisions of the Memorial Home Community, are living out their sunset years in peace and quiet and well-earned

Young Corpron's Canadian parents named him for a conqueror—Alexander. They must have sensed in him from the beginning a trace of the tough purposefulness and restless drive that later was to carry him toward the heights of achievement. Converted at the age of 13,

The imp

JUNE 1

edetermined to become a minister. The printual obstetrician presiding at his new birth was an evangelist of note, a brawny fellow with a body of steel and a personality that sparked fire in boys' hearts. Corpron wanted to be like him.

But the hero worship later got transfered to a medical man who fired his imagination with the possibility of service in the medical field. So for years he submerged himself in his studies, graduating from the University of Michigan's medical college in 1898. Eight years later he had a well-established practice, and had gained quite an enviable local reputation as a surgeon.

But the appeal of the ministry persisted. He couldn't shake it. So he took his problem to his medical mentor, a man of spiritual as well as surgical gifts. "Well, Alex," said this man, "you want to be a minister, and you're trained to be a surgeon. Why not combine your urge and your talents by going into medical missions? There's no greater field!"

It was an idea that somehow had never occurred to Corpron. The mission field why, of course! But where?

That too was settled for him. At the time there was, amid churches as a whole and Methodists particularly, a yeasty ferment regarding India. Corpron betook himself to the foreign mission board of the Methodist Church, North. The board grabbed the rising young surgeon while the spirit was upon him. And in very short order he, with his bride, were on their way to Bombay.

He was dispatched, upon arrival, to the Kumaon hills. It was a lonely though lovely spot, on the route between Tibet and India. The climate was delightful, but Corpron had not come clear out here seeking ozone. At first he couldn't entice anybody near his little station, and he grew impatient at sitting around sharpening his gleaming tools and waiting for patients to drop in. He'd come to India to do mass surgery, he reflected, and here he was lucky to have a case a week.

Then, just when he was beginning to doubt his calling, he got a break. An old man, carrying his wife on his back, stumbled one day into the station. The wife had an almost hopeless case of gallstones, and somehow the old man had heard about the new "Jesus doctor." He had carried her thus for 93 miles! Corpron beamed with delight, and fell to work. The outcome? "She walked back," says Corpron simply.

That did it. His reputation swept through the land, and people from distant areas in every direction began to beat paths his way.

But after four years of it, he still wanted more cases than the thinly populated section could provide. He went down to Bombay to see the bishop about it. The bishop grasped his hand with an enthusiasm that had scarcely been matched by any previous attention. "Why, Corpron," he exclaimed, "you've come to India for just such a time as this!"

Corpron felt like telling him that he'd been in India for four years, and why the white-haired-boy treatment now? He soon learned. It seems that, some years before, a returned missionary had been stumping American Methodism, orating

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The impressive chapel and one of the comfortable five-apartment buildings at Christian Herald Memorial Home Community

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DAILY MEDITATIONS

For the Quiet Hour

BY DR. WILLIAM L. STIDGER

A PRAYER AND MEDITATION FOR SPIRITUAL PROGRESS EACH DAY OF THE YEAR

WEEK OF AWAKENING

SAT. JUNE 1 READ JOHN 6:61-71

IT'S June again; birds nestling and singing, roses, green grass; new life and hope; spiritual life quickening and awakening. James Russell Lowell sang it for us:

And what is so rare as a day in June? Then Heaven tries earth if it be in tune:

Every clod feels a stir of might An instinct within it that soars and

And reaching blindly above it for light Climbs to a soul in the grass and the flowers.

Dear God of all light and new life, help us also to climb to a soul in the grass and the flowers. Amen.

SUN.
JUNE 2 READ JOHN 1:1-7

K EEPING in mind our text and Spiritual Awakening Week, read John Masefield's:

Oh glory of the lighted mind. How dull I'd been; how dead, how blind:

The station brook to my new eyes Was babbling out of Paradise; The waters slanting through the rain Were shouting: "Christ is risen again!"

Dear Father of the lighted mind and the lighted soul, illumine our hearts with happiness and peace. Amen.

MON.
JUNE 3 READ ISAIAH 55TH CHAPTER

"HEAR and your soul shall live!" The young lawyer in Tolstoy's "The Resurrection," knew that when, convicted of sin, he knelt down at his bed like a child and prayed. Then he arose, went to the window: "It was cool and fresh, moonlight, quiet; the shadow of a poplar fell on the ground." He drank in the fresh, invigorating, evening air: "How delightful, how delightful;" he said, meaning, what was going on in his soul; the awakening!

Dear God of all forgiveness and awakening, we bring our sins to Thee, and kneel as little children kneel to pray this day! Amen.

TUES.
JUNE 4 READ 17TH PSALM

"As FOR me I shall behold Thy face in righteousness; I shall be satisfied when I awake with Thy likeness," just as the young lawyer cried out: "I will break this lie and confess all: I will make my life right; I will break this lie which binds me and confess everything." Which is exactly the process through which all of us have to go to again this Spiritual Awakening.

God of all love and forgiveness, help us to repent this day of all the harm we have ever done any living soul. Amen.

WED.

JUNE 5 READ 16TH PSALM

IN THE process of finding the "Awakening" of Tolstoy's "The Resurrection," we find the young hero praying: "Lord, help me, teach me, come, enter within me, and purify me of all this abomination!" No sooner had he prayed that prayer than "What he had been praying for had already happened; the God within him had awakened his conscience. He felt himself one with Him. All, all the best that a man could do he felt capable of doing."

Dear Father of all forgiveness and cleansing, come, enter within us and show us the path of new life. Amen.

THURS. I READ 51ST PSALM

"PURGE me with hyssop, and I shall be clean; wash me and I shall be whiter than snow." Ernest Poole in "Beggar's Gold" describes exactly what happens to a soul which has the experience expressed in this text: "Something in him poured up like fire and light. Amid the narrow tenement streets he felt a new immensity!" That's it; those of us who find God through Christ also feel and find "A New Immensity" in our spiritual life.

Dear Father of all star-lit spaces and all illimitable immensities, expand our thinking, feeling and spiritual life. Amen, FRI. JUNE 7 READ PSALM 119:105-112

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"THY word is a lamp unto my feet an a light unto my path." And so it was: Peer, in Bojer's "The Great Hunger Peer's neighbor, the Brazier, sicked h dog on Peer's child and killed it. The Brazier, the next spring, planted his ha lev too early and it was frozen. In night Peer climbed his neighbor's fem and replanted his barley field. Becan he did that kindly deed to the man w had killed his child, Peer says: "The spark of eternity was again aglow in me It said, 'Let there be light!' And more and more it came home to me that it man himself that must create the Divin in Heaven and earth-that is man triumph. Therefore I went out and some the barley in my enemy's field-that God might exist!"

Dear Father of all love and light teach us that our own love and kindnes. creates Thyself in us and in the univen. Amen.

SAT.
JUNE 8 READ EPH. 5:8-14

IN "The Great Hunger," Peer is seared ing continually for God. One morning went out to a great hill, watched the st rise and said to himself: "You kno something of the struggle of humanity to higher forms; you know something o the life of plants; the nest of a bird is mystery before which you could kneel it worship! And on autumn evenings yo look at the stars, and the light and the depth, and the dizzy abysses of space above you send solemn thrills through your soul, and you look up and say Thank you God!' and you see a great light in the sky and feel a great light in your own soul; and that light is God."

Dear God of all dawns and sunisce of all light, beauty, and love; help us to see that the awakening world is a symbol of the awakening soul. Amen.

SUN.
JUNE 9 & READ ACTS 2

CHILDREN'S Day, Students' Day, Educational Sunday, Pentecost: what a glorious quartet of celebrations! Roland has put the spirit of this day into

But as heaven deepens, and the Cross and Lyre

Lift up their stars beneath the Northern Crown,

Unto the yearning of the world's desire,

Ishall beware of answer coming down; And something when my heart the darkness stills

Shall tell me without sound or any sight

That other footsteps are upon the hills.

Dear God of childhood, youth and Pentecost, we thank Thee that "Suddenly there came a sound from Heaven," and that a little group of disciples knew that "Other footsteps were upon the hills" of Time and Eternity. Amen!

WEEK OF MAGIC MYSTERIES IN RELIGION

MON. JUNE 10

READ MATT. 13:1-12

PENTECOST indicates that there are certain magics and mysteries in religion and our text today buttresses that thought. "Because it is given unto you to know the mysteries of the Kingdom of Heaven." In Ernest Poole's "Beggar's Gold," Katherine is dying and Peter, her husband, sits by her bed: "A strange thing happened to Peter, strange as the rising sun, mysterious as the break of day. He had lived with Kate thirty years through worries, tangles, petty quarrels; often their love had seemed to grow dull, middle-aged. But tonight he knew it had not been so. Down underneath there had been lived two lives-lives in which no memories had ever been lost; lives where all their struggles, hopes, dreams, joys, lived on forever, piled up into a living, resplendent light of love; mystery of mysteries, spiritual magic and wonder; such as is revealed only in God's love." Dear God of all love, help us to know that there is a mystery in love which is only revealed unto the initiated and the loving. Amen.

TUES.
JUNE 11

READ MARK 4:1-12

Some of us who are members of secret orders have a certain satisfaction in knowing among ourselves certain secret signs, words and phrases, greetings and grips. That is exactly what Jesus was talking about when He said: "Unto you it is given to know the mystery of the Kingdom of God; but unto them that are without, all these things are done in parables." Yes, there is a certain well defined fellowship, comradeship, and family affection in the Kingdom of God. We know the secret word, the sacred sign. Dear Father of all fraternal love, we thank Thee that we are a part of the

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great world-wide fraternity of "The Kingdom of Comrades" in Christ Jesus our Elder Brother. Amen.

WED. READ EPH. 1:9-13

"HAVING made known unto us the mystery of His will," is a subtle text. It smacks of the same mystery and wonder of the thing that happened to Peer in "The Great Hunger" when he was confirmed in church: "Late in the autumn came his confirmation, and the old wooden church, with its tarred walls, nestled among the mighty treetops, sent its chimes ringing out into the blue autumn air. It seems to Peer like some kindly old grandmother, calling so lovingly: 'Come-come-old and young-old and young-from fiord and valley-northways and southways-come, come-this day and all days-come, come; if ever you are in heavy trouble come hither to

Dear God of the Church, we thank Thee for the memories we have of church bells ringing on a Sabbath morning; the mystic wonder of the Sunday services when our souls were initiated into the mysteries of God's Truth, Amen.

THURS. JUNE 13 READ EPH. 3:1-9

WE ARE rediscovering this week of Pentecost, "How that by revelation He made known unto me the mystery." The same thing that Peer in "The Great Hunger" discovered when he decided to become a preacher. One morning he was standing in front of an anvil watching the smith hammer the hot iron with the sparks flying upward. "But when the sparks flew showering from the glowing iron, Peer could not help seeing visions of his own; visions that flew out into the future. Aye, he would be a preacher! None of your parsons with spectacles; no, but a sort of heavenly messenger with snowy white robes and a face of

Dear Father of all visions and dreams, we thank Thee that it is given only unto the children of the Kingdom of God, to see and feel and hear and know the eternal voices in everyday life, Amen.

THE spirit of this day's text is found in the testimony of Chiang Kai-shek: "I have now been a Christian for several years and during that time I have been a constant reader of the Bible. Never before was the sacred Book so interesting to me as during my two weeks' captivity. From my captors I asked but one thing—the Bible. The greatness and the love of Christ burst on me with an inspiration, increasing my strength to struggle against evil, to overcome temptation, and to uphold righteousness."

Dear Father and Friend, we thank Thee that "Great is the mystery of godliness; justified in the spirit; seen of angels, preached unto the Gentiles, believed on in the world, received up into glory in our hours of trial and trouble." Amen

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JUNE 18

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JUNE 1

SAT. JUNE 15 READ COR. 2:1-8

OUR text speaks of a "hidden wisdom." "the wisdom of God is a mystery" which "God ordained before the world unto our glory"; and Peer, of "The Great Hunger" discovered it one morning as he lay il in a hospital: "A dull yellow light lay over the ward. All was quiet. Then the door opened and Peer saw Louise glide in, softly, cautiously, with her violin case under her arm. Then she began to play the Easter hymn: 'The mighty host in white array.' The patients ceased whimpering and opened their eyes. A cobbler, roused from his feverish dream, lifted himself on his elbow and whispered: 'It is the Redeemer! I knew Thou wouldst come! I knew Thou wouldst come!""

Glorious and majestic Redeemer, we thank Thee that Thou hast revealed unto us in the sweet mystery of Thy hidden wisdom that Thou wilt come unto w when we need Thee! Amen.

SUN. I READ I COR. 4:1-10

YES we "are stewards of the mystery of God." Sometimes that truth is revealed to us through the great hymns of the Church as it was to Peer as he lay on his hospital cot: "And when we went out into the world, we went with some echo of a great hymn-in our hearts and that hymn lived in a craving hunger for some world harmony; the hunger for the infinite, the longing to be cradled—and borne up on the waves of eternity, whose mysterious way is past all finding out."

Dear Father of all music and melody, we thank Thee that the great hymns of the Church have a mysterious spiritual power over our souls, and reveal unto us the wonders of Thy love. Amen.

WEEK OF COMFORT

A MOTHER was putting a child to bed and the child, realizing that she was to be left alone in the darkness said: "Mother am I to be left alone in the dark?" "Yes, darling, but you know you have God with you all the time." Answered the child: "Yes, I know that God is here with me, but I want somebody with a face." Indeed that is what we all want and Edwin Markham gave us the answer:

Here is the truth in a little creed Enough for all the ways we go; In love is all the law we need, In Christ is all the God we know.

Dear Father of us all; we thank Thee

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hat Thou didst send Christ to this earth at we might have something to touch in the dark. Amen.

TUES.
JUNE 18

READ PROV. 19:18-24

HIS week we are thinking in terms of notherly comfort, of Christian solidarity in times of stress and sorrow. One day Tolstoy passed a beggar who asked for dms. Tolstoy searched in his pockets but and no money left. But he walked up to the beggar, embraced him, kissed him m each cheek and said, apologetically: Do not be angry with me, little brother, ecause I have nothing to give you." Then the emaciated face of that beggar began to glow, great tears ran down his cheeks as he whispered: "But, Sire, you alled me brother; that was a great gift!"

Dear Heavenly Father, we thank Thee hat Thou didst say long ago in Thy Holy Writ that there "is a friend that jeketh closer than a brother." Amen.

WED. JUNE 19

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READ ISA 40:1-13

HIS is our week of Comfort; both geting and giving comfort. During Lent I preaching on our text: "Comfort e comfort ye my people!" After my ak a woman came up to me in the arkened theatre, reached into her purse, pulled out a little slip, handed it to me and this is what I read: "The Secretary d War regrets to inform you that your man was killed in action—" I reached out both hands and took her two in mine; int knowing what to do or say; and stamnered out: "I understand!" That seemed wefully inadequate, but, much to my surprise, it satisfied her, for she replied: Ithought you would, after hearing your talk. That's all I want. I thought that you would understand!"

Dear Father of all who sorrow and are havy laden, we thank Thee that Thou who saidst "Comfort ye, comfort ye my pople!" doest understand our tragedies and heartaches. Amen.

THURS. JUNE 20

READ JOHN 2:33

HERE is a scene which fits into our mk's theme of "Comfort." Usually the mphasis on this story is that of the sing of Lazarus from the dead. But day let us think of that other miracle; e miracle of Christ's sympathy for atha and Mary in hearing of the death their brother. For it is said in this at that when He heard of the sorrow His friends: "He groaned in the spirand "was troubled."

Dear God of all sorrow and sympathy, thank Thee that it is said in this utiful story that "Jesus wept" for His nds in their sorrow; and we thank hee for the miracle of His Love. Amen.

(Continued on next page)



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FRI. JUNE 21

READ JOB: 30

No POET has expressed the meaning of our "Comfort" text as well as Edna St. Vincent Millay:

A man was starving in Capri. He moved his eyes and looked at me; I felt his gaze, I heard his moan; I knew his hunger as my own; All suffering mine, mine its rod; Mine pity like the pity of God.

Dear Heavenly Father, "Did I not weep with him that was in trouble?" and didst Thou not teach me that that was the essence of Thy religion? Amen.

SAT. PREAD 6TH PSALM

KAHLIL GIBRAN, the great Syrian poet, author of the popular "Prophet." once said: "You can forget those with whom you have laughed, but you can never forget those with whom you have wept!" God has wept with us. The little English girl expressed it. One day the London papers were full of the story of a robot bomb which hit a children's hospital and killed twenty babies. The little English girl couldn't sleep all night and when she was eating her breakfast she was still weeping into her breakfast food. Her mother put her arms around her and tried to comfort her. Then the little girl looked up and said: "Mother I think that God must have cried Himself to sleep last night don't you?'

Dear Father of all sorrowing, we thank Thee that Thou doest share our troubles and that Thou doest weep with us; that Thou doest understand our needs. Amen.

FINDING GOD IN NATURE WEEK

SUN.
JUNE 23 READ REV. 4TH CHAPTER

IN MANY church calendars this is called Nature Sunday. "And there was a rainbow about the throne," and that was God's first covenant with His children. When Rev. Ensworth Reisner was a small child, his mother took him to see his first motion picture, "The King of Kings." He was deeply impressed and emotionally stirred. When they came out of the theatre, he looked up at his mother with shining eyes and said: "Mother, I loved that picture. I laughed and cried. Is there a rainbow on my face?" That child, without knowing it, was expecting there to be "a rainbow round the throne' of a Christian's face and soul.

Dear God of all things glorious and glowing in nature and human nature, we thank Thee that Thou has put a rainbow round the throne of our lives. Amen.

MON. READ JOHN 4:1-14

NATURE Week makes us think of "wells of water springing up into ever-

lasting life." Edwin Markham in his fa mous Lincoln poem, describes the Great Emancipator's friendliness and democracy in this line: "The friendly welcome of the wayside well." He once told me that that figure of speech came from boyhood days when he was in grammar school i a little red schoolhouse in California Sheepherders used to drive great flock of sheep past the schoolhouse and Mark ham's teacher would let him stand at th well and draw up water for the thirst herders in a wooden bucket. So may draw up "the water of life" from the wells of Scripture to refresh ourselves at those who pass by this June day,

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JUNE

Dear Master of the wayside wells of life, Thou who has been called the "Wate of Life," allow us to drink this June day from Thy coolness, Thy sweetness and Thy love. Amen.

TUES.

JUNE 25 READ JOB 4TH CHAPTER

THIS is Nature Week and the Bible is always using symbols of nature to teach the great spiritual truths: shepherd, seed, sowers, reapers, harvests, threshing. The plowman is a favorite figure of speed used by Biblical writers and also by poets, including John Masefield, who, in "The Everlasting Mercy" has two lines which tell their own story: "My eyes forever on some sign to help me plow a perefect line." He also sings: "Oh Jesus drive the coulter deep and plow this living man from sleep."

Dear God of the soil and sod, God of all spiritual things, we thank Thee that Thou doest plant eternal seeds in ow souls this June morning. Amen,

WED. 1 JUNE 26 2 PETER 2:1-19

AMONG the many wise sayings that have come to us from the Sage of Concord, Henry Thoreau, none is wiser than his utterance: "Only that day dawns to which we are awake!" It is always true that if we are not physically awake we do not see the sunrise. It is also true that we who are not spiritually awake will never see the beauty, wonder and glory of a religious dawning. We who have the dawn of a "One World" in our hearts will see it, and we alone.

Dear God of World Brotherhood, we thank Thee that we have the right to watch through the darkest night, "At unto a light that shineth in a dark place, until the day dawn and the day stw arise in your hearts." Amen.

THURS. I READ ECCL, 11:7

"TRULY the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun." Dr. Sun Yat Sen told me this story of how he was one morning standing at a window in the Brown Hotel in Denver when the sun came up. He said: "An

overwhelming sense of loneliness swept over me, for that sunrise brought back memories of my China and I cried out to myself: 'That is China's sun!' Then just as suddenly, another and a larger thought swept over me: 'No! That is not China's sun; it is the world's sun!" Dear God of all light, we thank Thee

for the sunrises and dawns of life, for they remind us that, just as the sun is the source of all physical light and energy, 10 art Thou the source of all light and miritual strength. Amen.

FRI. JUNE 28

READ JOHN 3:7-13

HE wind bloweth where it listeth," is expressed in another way in this little dray verse: "I have not seen the wind, but this I know must be: When waves like horses leap and run, a wind is on the ga. I have not seen the wind, but when the sun-kissed air is full of flying leaves like birds, I know the wind is there. I have not seen God's face, but I have seen a clod become a reaching soul, because it felt the breath of God.'

Dear Heavenly Father we thank Thee that "The wind bloweth where it listeth. and Thou hearest the sound thereof, but must not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth; so is every one that is

born of the spirit." Amen.

SAT. JUNE 29

READ LUKE 18:15-17

AS WE study God's truth as it is rerealed in nature this week, allow me to sum it all up in a little quatrain of my own: "In the breast of a bulb is the promise of Spring; In a little blue egg is a bird that will sing; In the soul of a seed is the hope of the sod; In the heart of a child is the Kingdom of God.

Dear God of all beginnings, maturings and endings, we thank Thee that out of the little things of Nature and life, come the great and eternal things; and that Thou art the God of seeds, bulbs, little

children and love! Amen!

JUNE 30

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READ ECCL. 3:1-11

HE IS the God of all beautiful things in nature and human life and it is good that we "think on these things": "Let ne remember only lovely things; The vistful smiles of children at their play; The sapphire of the sea, a star adrift; The spreading glory of a dying day; The dear blue sky that follows summer rain, Sweet warbled notes and sunset's afterlow; Thus shall I keep the storehouse of my mind Barred to the gloom that memory often brings; Beauty will mold each thought that lives with me-I shall remember only lovely things."

Dear God, "Thou who hast made verything beautiful," we thank Thee for the privilege of remembering only lovely

things. Amen.

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CITIZEN OF THE WORLD

(Continued from page 14)

national recognition. He was elected chairman of the National Governors' Conference and president of the Council of State Governments in November, 1940, and was re-elected the next year. In 1939, he was named "Man of the Year" by the United States Junior Chamber of Commerce. And in 1943, he was named by the American University of Washington, D. C., as the man who had made the most outstanding contribution to sound government administration during the year.

Stassen probably has as close connections with the Church as any man in political life in the United States. He joined the Riverview Baptist Church at an early age, served as president of its junior young people's organization and was president of the state Christian Endeavor organization. He was a member of the Christian Deputation teams which visited many Midwest Baptist churches in 1924 and 1925, and was active in national Baptist young people's conventions for several years.

He met and married his wife at this same Riverview church, and he still regularly gives a portion of his time to religious activities. For his distinguished public service in 1941, Stassen was awarded the citation of the International Society and the World Christian Endeavor Union. In the same year he was elected vice president of the Northern Baptist Convention. A year later he was named head of the International Council of Religious Education, a position he still holds.

Stassen has made a good many audacious moves which have shocked seasoned politicians. But he usually has come out on top. For example, in 1940, he appointed an unknown young St. Paul newspaperman as U.S. senator when the isolationist Ernest Lundeen was killed in a plane crash. Joseph H. Ball joined Stassen in urging an international course of action by the United States, and two years later Ball was elected to a full sixyear term by the supposedly isolationist state of Minnesota.

One of the first men to propose that the United Nations be continued after the war as an organization to perpetuate the peace, Stassen came out on Memorial Day, 1942, with a "pattern for peace." Speaking before the Northern Baptist Convention in Cleveland, Ohio, Stassen suggested a World Association of Free People which all the united and neutral nations should be invited to join, providing they met minimum standards as to the liberties and rights that their governments give to the people.

His blueprint, Stassen insisted, was only tentative and intended to encourage discussion, but it was a program far in advance of the thinking of that day. He urged a congress or parliament, expanding from the United Nations, with a chairman who would be premier of the world and with a cabinet appointed by the Premier and approved by the parliament. Each world minister would head a separate world department with an individual function.

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In 1942, Stassen handed the state his biggest shocker. He announced even before the primary that while he would run for re-election, if he won he would serve only four months, through the legislative session. Then, with Minnesota's own war program enacted, he would resign and go into active service with the Navy. He had accepted a commission as lieutenant-commander, he said, and he felt he wanted to be in service "with other young men of my age."

Nobody really could quarrel with Stassen's aim, but the howl that went up from Minnesota was terrific. Stassen was tossing away his political career, the experts said. He'd be completely submerged in the Navy. No one would hear anything more about him until the war was over. That's the way the criticism ran. And some people even predicted he wouldn't be elected again as a result.

But the people of Minnesota admired Stassen's honest approach. They returned him as governor, and they even took his handpicked choice for lieutenant-governor, Edward J. Thye, in place of the young magazine dealer. C. Elmer Anderson, who had previously served as liteutenant-governor. So when Stassen stepped out of the governor's chair April 27, 1943, he turned the reins of Minnesota state government over to his friend and fellow Dakota County resident, Thye.

In the Navy, Stassen continued to confound his critics. He began his service at sea, after a brief training period, with Admiral William F. Halsey as his flag secretary and aide, and in time became assistant chief of staff. He was a good officer too; take the word of "Bill" Halsey for that: "I commend him for whatever position the future has in store for him, but it is a sad day for the Navy when Capt. Stassen retires from the service."

He won two citations for outstanding performance of duty, was awarded the Legion of Merit medal for performance of duty during the Philippine campaign and the Formosa and South China Sea sweeps, and was given the Bronze Star for exceptional service in evacuating American prisoners-of-war from prison camps in Japan. A big target with his six-foot-three-inch frame, he twice escaped injury when his ship was struck by Jap bombs.

Stassen, as governor, had urged his party to join the Democratic administration as a full partner to more rapidly win the war and had told his fellow Republicans to end their carping criticism unless they had a constructive alternative to propose. Because of that attitude and his early support for a world organization to preserve peace, Stassen was

picked by President Roosevelt as a delegate to the historic San Francisco Conference.

Even though he regarded it as a political liability," Stassen accepted on the grounds that it was his responsibility to the nation to do so. He shed his naval miform, went back into his old civilian clothes and dug into the work of the conference with such vigor that when it was all over he was selected by press correspondents as one of the two outstanding delegates at San Francisco.

Not that he regarded the outcome as the final word in international organization. Stassen continually worked to make the United Nations a stronger organization, to limit the veto power, to give the UNO wider powers. But, he said on his return home, he was willing to accept the best possible compromise, feeling that otherwise the conference might fail.

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Stassen himself is close to the people and the soil. But it is plain from his background where he got the independence he has exhibited on more than one occasion. His great-grandparents left Austria in a hurry back in the 1800's because his great-grandfather was involved in a Czech nationalist movement which the Austrian government was out to crush.

Just a few years ago, when Edouard Benes, the great President of Czechoslovakia, visited the United States, he and Stassen got to chatting about their relatives, and discovered they were distant cousins, related through Stassen's great-grandfather who had fled from his Czech homeland just as Benes was forced to do during World War II.

Harold Stassen's grandparents on his father's side started the little truck farm near West St. Paul which his parents still run today. William Stassen, Harold's father, still recalls how his mother hauled vegetables in a sack on her back down to the St. Paul city market, and what a great day it was when the family finally was able to afford a horse to do that! Today, even though William Stassen is in his 70's and his wife is 69, they are still healthy, sturdy people who can't become too excited about their son's successes, and who still put in thousands of plants every spring on their little farm.

But "Bill" Stassen himself is quite a political figure in West St. Paul. He served six terms as mayor, was a member of the school board and has been active in the local vegetable growers' association for 40 years. While mayor, he had a reputation for running a clean town.

"All I did," he explains, "was to warn the police chief, after I received complaints about lack of law enforcement, that we would have a new chief the next day unless the laws were enforced." His son found that same system worked pretty well when it came to enforcing state laws a few years later.

When Harold Stassen was nominated for governor, in his first surprising bid for

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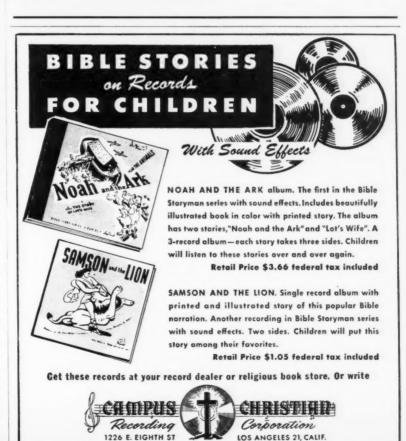
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state office, his parents heard the early returns, commented that "it looked pretty good for Harold," and then went off to bed at their accustomed hour of 9. After all, "Bill" Stassen had to be up before dawn the next morning to get down to his accustomed stall at the public market.

Harold Stassen is a devoted family man. His wife was a childhood friend, and she and their two children, Kathleen, 4. and Glen. 10. invariably were on hand to greet Stassen when he returned for short visits during the war. Getting off the train in St. Paul. Stassen would scoop up his two children in a bear-like hug, give his wife a hearty kiss and then shake hands with other relatives and the friends who were always on hand to greet

Stassen plans to visit South America, Europe and Russia next summer to store up additional information on world problems. That will make him more than ever the "citizen of the world" he has been called because of his advocacy of a world system of government going even beyond the aims of the present United Nations Organization. Stassen admits he may be far ahead of his day with his plan, but believes also that this is the time to start discussing the prospects for putting such a program into effect.

The big, blond, handsome former gov ernor is essentially a friendly man, although some critics have declared he's cold and calculating. They probably think so because he seldom lets his emotions run away with him. He likes to think things out, and he's an excellent listener when someone is expounding a new doctrine or philosophy. After hear. ing all the facts, both pro and con, on some new idea, he will express his opinions, forcibly and yet in easily understood terms. He usually makes up his mind rather quickly on less complicated problems, but he is not afraid to delay decisions until he feels certain he's right And when he arrives at that decision, he's ready to fight for it—as his political opponents have learned to their sorrow.

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He has some enemies, of course, No. man in public life is without them. He's frequently criticized from both sides of the road-by the reactionary conservatives as being too liberal and by the liberals as still being too conservative. His courageous stand for American participation in world affairs when that viewpoint was not particularly popular, won him many liberal supporters. But some still insist he's not a liberal on domestic issues. Stassen insists that he is and he wasn't backward about telling a heckler so during a recent speech in Chicago.

Just where Harold Stassen's future course will turn, if not to the Presidency, no one knows. But he already has outdone the Horatio Alger legend in rising from a humble farm boy to become a national and international figure whose opinions and views are eagerly sought wherever he goes. Americans will watch his career with increasing interest. Many see him as the main hope for bringing lasting peace out of the present post-war chaos

YOU CAN'T GO HOME AGAIN

(Continued from page 31)

broken English, to make clear that the country he was born in "had slid off the map." He had come from Southeastern Europe, and his country just wasn't there any more. That, in a far deeper sense than geographical, is what has happened to us all. The land of our birth, the home of our childhood, the familiar world we grew up in, has slid off the map. It isn't there. We can no more go back to it than can the bombed children of Coventry. It, too, has gone with the bombs and a million million influences back and behind the bombs.

The scars of war are on every battered street, the strain of war is in every tired face, and there now are powerful elements in all countries and all parties ready with the old catchwords again to lure us by our own mass homesickness back to the world of yesterday. They want to put the old world back-old nationalisms, old imperialisms, old monopolies, old privileges. They are working now to see to it that this was a military war only, that it alters nothing.

It is terribly hard to be patient with it and, in fact, we dare not be patient with it, for it is sheer betrayal of our dead. What did our young men die for? To put the old world back-to keep unchanged the thing that in its nature keeps spawning one war after another? I will never be presumptuous enough to speak for all the men who died. I shall leave that to the politicians who want to swing the vote in the 5th precinct. All sorts of men died. But, we can speak for the boys from our churches. They wanted to see a world with more justice, more kindliness, more human brotherhood, less poverty and the thing that makes it, less exploitation and domination of one human being by another. You can't get that kind of world by going back to yesterday. That means change-shift of outlook, drastic, deeprooted change from the world in which they grew up. The first requisite in any new order is a clear understanding that we can't go back to the old one, for life has gone beyond it.

Now, IT MAY SEEM to some that in this sermon we haven't been talking about religion or Christ but, of course, we've been talking of nothing else. If this is the most vexing problem mankind has to grapple with, it would certainly be strange if there was nothing in our faith or the Gospel of Christ to help us meet it. Come into the New Testament and see. What is the mood here? In which direction does the New Testament face? What sort of men and women does Christ make? What has this word of God to say to people caught, as we are, in the throes of revolution?

Well, the first thing to remember is that the whole New Testament was created in a time of world revolution when an old established order was falling to pieces. The mighty Roman Empire, which they called the "Great Babylon." had passed the zenith of its power and was beginning to totter. And the first thing Christianity did back there was to bring in fresh streams of power, hope, and kindliness, when everything else was bankrupt and had lost hope. It broke the grip of an old pagan fatalism that for centuries had kept the world chained to the past. That old Platonic conception that the world goes round in circles, moves out in long cycles and always comes back to do the same thing over, was the scientific outlook of the day. Of course those first Christians had no idea they were changing the mind-set of the ages. They were just getting people saved, bringing them to Christ. But in that very process, unconsciously, they changed the mental climate of the ages and brought into the Western world the idea of progress. So, the first thing about a Christian is: He believes in a living God who changes things, who has a plan, and is going somewhere with it.

Second thing about him is: He is, in his own changed life, the forerunner of the future. What does this statement mean: "You have tasted the powers of the age to come, you have felt the infuences of the coming age"? It means that the Christian is one who, in any time, is a person ahead of his age. He an't go back to yesterday for he is the prophecy of tomorrow. The Book of Hebrews was written to meet exactly this mood of homesickness. It was written to people caught in the throes of terrible conflict, some time between the death of Paul and the destruction of Jerusalem: persecution fierce, Christianity making demands, getting them into all sorts of trouble with the Romans, many falling away, others wavering, looking back wistfully to the former faith, tempted desperately to go back to it. But this writer, whoever he was, got in behind them, encouraged them to hold fast to their hope, saying in effect, You can't go back. What is there to go back to? Having once tasted the salvation of Christ, felt the influences of the age to come, to return to the old life is to go back to beggar elements, to old wells where no water is."

The whole book is written around that idea: all of the past you are homesick for, old familiar prophets, covenants, sacriices, all of that past was just a preparation for something better. That something better is here. Christ is the better serifice, better covenant, better revelation. "God who in time past spoke through the prophets, hath now spoken n His son." We have in Him, what all the past was preparing for, what all the

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world is now groping for. Don't look back. Don't ever look back. Why, don't you know that what you stand for are the ideals with which the future must be built? You are to live in your generation, not with faces toward the past, but as people who have felt the influence of the age yet to be, and all the unrest in you is the pull and power of the coming

What if all our homesickness were

that? Not what it seems, a yearning for an idealized past that never was as good as it seems, but a hunger for the infinite we were made for; that what we think is a tug backward is really a pull upward: that the pain of homesickness is a device of nature to sting us out of yesterday, the stirring of God's spirit toward the age to come. "Thou hast made us for Thyself, O God, restless, homesick are our hearts until they rest in Thee."

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MY FRIEND, JAN

(Continued from page 19)

from America."

"And which I had to beg you to plant!" Jan laughed.

"We Czechs learn slowly, but when a new way is better, we do not forget," the general answered. "No more of those little cherry tomatoes we used to grow from English seeds!"

The whole garden, it turned out, was planted with American seeds. Before twilight several neighbors came-as, I understood, they came daily-to admire the crops and ask that seed be saved for them. And that night, to the spacious, simple living room of Jan's home came a stream of callers from the neighborhood. All wanted to talk with Jan and each one stayed on after his own questions had been answered.

"Neighbors call whenever they know Jan is here," his father said proudly. "He doesn't get much rest on his vacation. It's been that way ever since he came back from America."

The first caller was a fat, red-faced peasant who had a chicken farm, now run on lines suggested in a pamphlet which Jan had brought from America. He needed more information to help him on a certain poultry problem. Jan lent him another American pamphlet that he had translated into the native tongue. A stubby, cheerful storekeeper from the village came to ask a question about an inventory and accounting system which Jan had persuaded him to try. A priest came to discuss exchanges of tourists and information with the Czech colonies in Cleveland, Detroit and Chicago. Jan had started the exchanges in his first year home. From a nearby estate came a man who owned a restaurant in Prague; he wanted to return a book on restaurant management, one of a large number of technical books Jan had brought back. The last caller was a teacher who wanted to report on progress in his teaching of the English language. Following an idea of Jan's, he was using old copies of American newspapers as texts for contemporary American English rather than works of literature.

The guests stayed late. When all were

gone, Jan's wife said, "You look tired."
"It's always like this," his father added. "And it's worse in Prague. There it's editors and students who want to study in America, and book publishers and lawyers and-'

Jan interrupted, "All I do is arouse their curiosity.

The general turned to me. "Some of our big industrial companies have offered Jan jobs in America as their representative, but he prefers to stay here.

"I can be more useful here," Jan answered. "I've started lots of things I want to see finished."

"I would like to see America," his wife

said wistfully.
"You will," Jan nodded. "There is still one terrific job to be done here. Here we have Czechs, Slovaks, and Germans. They do not like each other. Often they will not work together. I tell them that in America the three work side by side. Maybe they will here, some day.

They took me back to Prague at the end of the week and spent days showing me their capital city. It was a happy country in the early '30s and he and his wife were a happy couple in it, always facing a fresh horizon.

During the years that followed I heard from Jan several times each year, and his letters always asked for American magazines or books. The last time I heard from him was just before the war began in 1939. He wrote:

"My wife and I have moved from Prague. I have a position in the steel works at Kladno, west of Prague, and now I wish I'd visited Pittsburgh. Maybe I shall, next year, if we survive Munich. We do not live in Kladno, which is not very attractive, but in a little village nearby, a quiet beautiful place-just two streets, a church up on a little hill. There are some wonderful town characters, particularly the innkeepers. Most of the villagers work in the mill. My wife teaches in the school and it is an ideal place for our three children to grow up. When they're ready, they'll come to America, too. In the meantime, come see us.'

That was the last letter I had from him. During the war I wondered where Jan and his family were, and hoped they would survive it. I hoped for a letter in the months after the war was over, but nothing came. Since I had mislaid his address and could not write, I asked one of the first Americans sent to our Prague Legation to make inquiries, but I learned nothing.

Then I happened to find Jan's 1939 letter, and as I reread it I knew it was useless to write.

The name of the little village to which he had moved was Lidice.

City.

SOMEONE TO REMEMBER

(Continued from page 28)

and good, as good as gold—even when they were taken so sick that awful spring. Diphtheria, the doctor said, and no one gemed to know much to do for them. Mrs. Jessop had sat helplessly by, listening to them struggling to breathe and their poor, choked little voices crying: "Ma! Ma!" Sometimes, even now, she noke up in the night hearing that cry and feeling, just as she had then, as if she too were strangling.

Myrtle went first, and the next morning Viola.

She didn't realize it; she couldn't believe it, somehow, until the day after the funeral. She sat in the kitchen of the empty, empty house listening to the rind, and there wasn't anything, not a thing in the world, to do.

She just kept on sitting there, even when Miss Kate looked in and shut the door quickly behind her against the wind. Miss Kate went over to the stove. "Why, Byrdie," she said. "Why, Byrdie, you've let your fire go out."

"I-I guess I didn't notice," Mrs. lessop said heavily.

"Here, I'll have it going in two shakes," sid Miss Kate. Her voice sounded queer, and she kept her back turned to life. Jessop while she gave the stove a good shaking down and got some kindling out of the wood box.

"Tell you what let's do," she went on, dpping some water into the washbasin to wash her hands. "I'll sit down and have a bowl of soup with you, and then shy don't you come on home with me

and help me clean house?"

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A house to clean! Something in Mrs. lessop's breast seemed to flicker into lie again. Some work to be done, someme who needed her help, after all. O
lord, thank you, thank you, she prayed. From that day on, she had been Miss
kate's housekeeper. There was never
my lack of work at Miss Kate's house. For one thing she had a lot of company. The minute anyone stepped in the house, it was, "You'll stay and eat with us,
won't you?" Usually, too, there was
someone "staying at Miss Kate's for a
rhile." Someone sick, or out of a job,
or friendless. There was room, and to
spare, for all of them in Miss Kate's
louse and in her heart.

Of course some of them didn't get on their feet again. There was poor Mr. Gardiner. Dave's father, whom Miss Kate looked after for six whole months before he died. "Mr. Gardiner and Dave the going to stay with us for a while, Bydie," Miss Kate had said.

Even with Mr. Gardiner so sick, they teen't much bother. Why, Dave had lebed with the dishes every night; not are teaspoonful of coal had been shoveded by anyone but him all that winter; and he even helped Mrs. Jessop with the laturday cleaning. That was something, Mrs. Jessop told Miss Kate proud-

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ly, for a highschool boy to let the other kids see him with an apron on, shaking out a dust mop. No, there weren't many like Dave.

And the Gardiners were good company, the both of them. Why, Mr. Gardiner was cracking jokes with practically the last breath he ever drew. Even Dave, with his worry-haunted eyes, hadn't let down for one minute when he was with his father.

At first Mr. Gardiner didn't seem to like it when Jim Esterbrook started dropping in to see how he was getting along. Mrs. Jessop couldn't help noticing the bitter lines that showed around his mouth the first time he saw Jim standing in the doorway, looking so prosperous and impressive in his big overcoat. Jim had a funny expression too. He kept creasing and re-creasing the crown of his hat, never for a second meeting Mr. Gardiner's eyes.

"Well, Mart," he said, "sorry to hear you've been so poorly."

Mr. Gardiner didn't ask him to have a chair or take off his overcoat. He just looked at him hard. "Are you?"

Jim felt it, all right, you could see that, the way his face tightened up. "I didn't know it," he said, "till Angela came home from school yesterday and said you and Dave were staying at Miss Kate's. Thought I'd just drop in on my way home and see if there was anything I could do."

Mr. Gardiner smiled, but it wasn't anything like the way he usually smiled -quick and wide, so that his face lit up like a boy's. "Can't think of a thing," he said.

ONE EVENING, not more than a week before Mr. Gardiner's death, Mrs. Jessop had been next door visiting with Mrs. Nichols. The minute she stepped on the porch she heard Miss Kate talking in the study where Mr. Gardiner had lain for so long, getting weaker with every day. Miss Kate's voice was high with indignation. "It's an outrage!" she was saying. "It's-why, it's plain dishonest!" (That was the worst thing Miss Kate could ever say-that someone was dishonest.) "I'm going straight up there and tell him so. And here all this winter I've been thinking how kind he was."

She must have gotten up and started for the door, because Mr. Gardiner protested in his faint, husky voice: "It won't do any good to tell him, Miss Kate. He knows it already. Why else would he be doing this? He's making it up to Dave, and that's all that matters.'

But Miss Kate didn't pay any attention. The door to the hall banged open, and she came out so fast she almost ran plumb into Mrs. Jessop.

"You don't mean to tell me, Miss Kate," said Mrs. Jessop, "that you're fixing to go anywhere at this hour of the night. Why, it's nine-thirty at least."

"I don't care if it's midnight," said

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Miss Kate. "I don't care if I get the whole Esterbrook family out of bed. I'm going straight up there and have a talk with Jim."

"You'll do no such a thing," cried Mrs. Jessop. She always took this tone with Miss Kate, and it never did any good. "Sashaying away out there this hour of the night, and it's raining besides. Why, you'd catch your death."

"I'll take the umbrella," said Miss Kate, coming back from the living room with her coat half on. "No use your talking, Byrdie; I'm going."

"Then I'm going with you. Traipsing out there by yourself this time of night. I won't hear to it."

"If I had the time," said Miss Kate,
"I'd fire you, Byrdie. Come on, if you're
coming."

Mrs. Jessop, still with her striped taffeta crochet bag over her arm, went. She protested every step of the way, knowing good and well that Miss Kate wasn't listening to a word she said.

Mr. Esterbrook himself came to the door. "Miss Kate!" he said, as if he didn't know what to make of it. "And Mrs. Jessop. Step in, out of the wet. Here, we'll go in the library. I have a little fire going in there." As he led them down the hall, he started to say something more, something about Mrs. Esterbrook and Angela being down at the Boyds', but Miss Kate cut him short.

"I didn't come to see them," she said.
"I came to talk to you, Jim. About
Mart Gardiner."

Mr. Esterbrook stopped right where he was, and turned around and gave Miss Kate a look that would have frozen anyone else. But not Miss Kate. She stared straight back at him, the way she could, as if those clear eyes of hers were seeing everything that went on in his head.

Mrs. Jessop sat down firmly on the chair in the hall. She had her crocheting in case this was going to take a long time. It was Miss Kate's party, not hers, and she wasn't going to have anyone saying that she ever snooped into other people's business.

Of course she had overheard bits of that conversation between Jim Esterbrook and Miss Kate. She couldn't help it, sitting where she was. Miss Kate's words, most of them, ran together into an excited blur, but Jim sounded calm and smooth, even a little bit amused at all this

"You don't understand how business deals sometimes work, Miss Kate," he said at one point. "Just because a deal blows up, that doesn't mean necessarily that someone connected with it is a crook. It may mean, as in this case, that the whole thing was just a bad bet. It's a chance you take when you invest your money in anything. Mart and I both thought people were going to flock to that particular part of Florida. Well, they didn't. I don't know why. Nobody does. It was just a bad bet."

And another time he said: "I'm not

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When the merc goes berserk, dunk that sizzling little carcass in a lukewarm bath. It leaves you cooler than hot or cold ablutions. There's no taboo on tabbing at "certain" times, either, when bathing's not only beneficial but a must if you'd be dainty. And did you know Kotex contains a deodorant? Moreover, the deodorant is locked inside each napkin so it can't shake out. A new Kotex charm-saver!

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- ☐ The Bloomer Girl
- ☐ The hamburgers

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saying that Mart was lying to you. I'm saying that he's not himself. He's a very sick man, and you know as well as I do that when people are sick they get all kinds of notions.'

Finally, as they were coming out into the hall again, Jim gave a confident little laugh and patted Miss Kate's shoulder soothingly: "Won't give the devil his due, will you, Miss Kate? Made up your mind years ago that I was a lost soul, and nothing I ever do is going to change it. Even when I do decide to help out a kid just because I think he deserves it, I don't get credit for it-not from

"I know why you're doing it, Jim," said Miss Kate, "and maybe putting Dave through college is going to make everything straight as far as you're concerned. But I wouldn't trade places with you and have the things on my mind you're going to have to think about the rest of your life-not for all the money in the world."

THEY SAID hardly anything all the way home. It had stopped raining, and there was a blurry moon with a ring around it, and the vellow street lights shone down on the puddles in the sidewalk.

"I guess you were right, Byrdie," said Miss Kate, when they got to their own porch. "Just a wild-goose chase."

The expression on her face wrung Mrs. Jessop's heart. "Anyway," she said stoutly, "you told him a few things he ain't going to forget very soon. And he's going to look after Dave. That's something.

"Yes," said Miss Kate. "At least he's doing that. I guess it doesn't make much difference why he's doing it so long as he does it."

Miss Kate had sat up late that night, Mrs. Jessop remembered, writing in her diary. That was something she did every evening-sit down at the rosewood desk in the living room and write down the happenings of the day. "It's surprising, Byrdie," she sometimes said, "how putting a thing down on paper helps you to get it straight."

So there was Miss Kate's life, for the last forty years at least, stored away up there in the attic where Mrs. Jessop had put the ten fat composition books filled with her small, hurried handwriting. They would make a book thought Mrs. Jessop. Plenty of things set down in them that people like Mrs. Gilroy and Phoebe Craig would give their eyeteeth to get a hold of. Well, they never would, not if Mrs. Jessop could help it.

"I'd give a lot to have known Miss Kate," said Charlotte earnestly.

'You'd have gotten along first-rate." It was one of the highest compliments Mrs. Jessop could give anyone. But she had seen the minute she laid eyes on Charlotte that she was a lady through and through. "Remind me some time," she went on; "I'll get Miss Kate's diary out, and you can look through it, if

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you've a mind to. No better way of getting acquainted with her than that. I guess.

"O Mrs. Jessop, would you let me?" Charlotte's face glowed with pleasure. "I'd love to, if you think she wouldn't mind."

"Pshaw," said Mrs. Jessop, turning back to her Quarterly briskly. "Of course she wouldn't mind. She'd like to've known you, too."

(To be continued)

TEA TIME CHAT

(Continued from page 29)

the guests take turns reading their autographs. A vote is taken to see who has the best and the most original autograph in his book. He is presented with a real memory book.

Wheel Of Fortune: Each guest is to write his secret ambition on a slip of paper. The papers are shaken up in a hox and then taken out and distributed around the large circle chalked on the floor. Divide the circle in as many sections as you have guests. Secure the slips with scotch tape. Everyone has a turn spinning a cover to determine his future fate. A cover falling on a line indicates that you will share a bit of the fate on both sides of the line . . . so Sarah

Well, it sounds like lots of fun doesn't it? I wonder what she is going to do when it gets dark, but maybe she has planned for that too. The days of paper lanterns may be far away, but I can see that party right now, being carried on under those colored lights on a warm June night. I have a motive for writing about this in such detail. I think it's just the kind of a party that you could use with your high-school or Sundayschool class, or that the lower classmen in Christian Endeavor would enjoy giving to their friends who are leaving the

Here's that recipe for those Meringue Jam numbers that Sarah made disappear in nothing flat:

MERINGUE JAM COOKIES

11/2 c. sugar 6 tablesp. butter or margarine egg yolk 1% cup cake flour ½ teasp. vanilla

1 tablesp. cream 1 teasp. baking powder

teasp. baking powder 1 egg white 5 tablesp. sugar 1 teasp. cinnamon 6 tablesp. chopped nuts

Sift the sugar, and beat shortening until soft, than gradually add the sugar and blend until these are light and creamy. Beat in the egg yolk. Stir in the vanilla and cream. Sift flour and baking powder together and stir into first mixture. Chill the dough for 1 or 2 hours. Roll it very thin and cut into oblongs. Spread with tart jam or jelly. Cover with a meringue made as follows: whip the egg white until stiff, add the sugar slowly, beating constantly, then fold in the cinnamon and nut meats. Bake the cookies on a greased tin in a moderate oven, 350 degrees, for about 12 minutes.





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COUNT THAT DAY LOST

(Continued from page 23)

before he gets to Ralph with that ring and note. I think now he was probably planning to wait till Ralph came home from work-

The girl was off like a shot, leaving Mrs. French with the Thurman child and her worry about her own son. She got cookies and milk to feed Mickey, wondering as she did so, why any mother ever wanted her son to be more than three years old! The baby was swallowing his last bite when his mother came back, filled with gratitude for her neighbor's kind act. Mrs. French said it was nothing at all-she wanted Mrs. Thurman to promise she'd call on her any time she needed someone to mind Mickey. And Mrs. Thurman said, goodness it was nice to find strangers so kind. She felt as if she had known Mrs. French always.

With the baby gone, Mrs. French had nothing to keep her mind off Pete and his escapades. Just before her worry in the matter became unbearable, in walked the boy, very dirty as to face, hands, and clothes

"Well-" Mrs. French caught herself quickly. The sharpness in her voice was relief, but how was the boy to know that! 'Where have you been?" she finished more gently.

"Oh-" the boy began vaguely.

At that moment the telephone began to ring. Mrs. French knew that, unless Pete accounted for some of his moves before she went to answer it, she would only have to interrupt her conversation to ask him.

"Whose bundle did you leave on Mrs. Harding's back porch?" she asked.

"On Mrs. Harding's porch-gosh!-" The boy's face was the picture of guilty recollection.

"Gosh-that musta been Mrs. Zimmerman's. It's full of baby things. I was supposed to take 'um to the laundry. Did I leave that on Mrs. Harding's

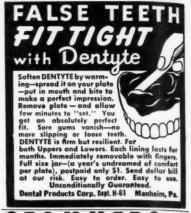
"You did. And why, may I ask?"

"I dunno," the boy squirmed. "Unless -well, I got to thinking how bad it was Mrs. Zimmerman didn't have a wash machine, like Mrs. Harding did. And I guess I just sort of took the bundle there, without thinking-

The woman could no longer ignore the telephone. It was as she had feared. Mrs. Harding.

"Pete is just in," Mrs. French told her. "I'll send him right over for the bundle."

"That won't be necessary," Mrs. Harding boomed. "I got to looking at it, and found out the owner's name. It was full of baby things-fancy having to send them to the laundry! So, I just called the mother and told her to come on over to my house and wash them in my machine. She did, and we had the loveliest afternoon. She's just a slip of a thing, and doesn't know the first thing



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about managing. So I just sat down and helped her to reorganize her work. She's coming over here every other day to wash her things on my machine, and I'll check to see how she's coming on. She eavs I'm right-women could get things done in no time if they just organized-

Mrs. French started back to the living room, reflecting briefly on the satisfaction the afternoon must have given Mrs. Harding. She reflected but briefly. After all, there was further questioning into her son's activities that must be done. As she did so, she glanced out of the window just in time to see a little drama taking place on Miss Lizzie Perkins' front porch. She couldn't hear a word-she didn't need to.

Mrs. King had, as she had said, started over to the French place to wait for Pete. And she had evidently encountered, at Miss Lizzie's front porch, that austere lady on her way out. Certainly in Miss Lizzie's mind there had lurked no susnicion that Belva King's coconut cake had not been intended for her in the first place. Mrs. French watched the two of them, remembering what people said about their "dving to make up."

They were making up now. Two aging women, trying to say they were sorry. Their words seemed to come slowly at first, then in torrents. On Mrs. King's face puzzled wonder was struggling with dawning understanding, and she had no notion of revealing the mistake, once she realized it had been made. Mrs. French saw her rise, kiss her former friend's angular jaw. And then the two of them were crying together, the antagonism of years wiped out in a single instant. Seeing them, Mrs. French's own eves were wet and she forgot for a moment her need to take her son further to task.

But only for a moment. "And what," she asked, turning to the boy," did you do with the package Calista sent to Ralph?"

"Oh my gosh-"

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The boy's face was the picture of consternation.

"I got it somewhere," he stammered. "I forgot to take it to him, like I promised. I dropped by the Scout office, and they were tying up scrap paper-and I stayed to help-

He was still assaulting his pockets in search of the package.

"I meant to take it-" he began wor-

"0h-" Mrs. French began, in tremendous relief, to assure him that it was quite all right he had not delivered it, when the real horror of the situation struck her.

"Peter Ashby French," she shrieked, have you lost that ring Calista gave you to deliver?"

"No'am-it's bound to be here some-

Here, she thought wildly, or in one of the thousands of salvaged papers, or in a hamburger stand, or in one of a dozen places you may have been today.

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"Pete," she groaned, you've got into many a mess with your carelessness, but someway we've always managed to come out. But if you've lost that ring-well, that's something we can't undo-ever-

Before the boy could answer, Calista herself swept into the room, without knocking, and with her face aglow.

"Pete, you darling-" she cried. "You knew I shouldn't send that ring back, didn't you? That's why you left it lying there on the table in the hall. I found it just now when I looked over the mail. You never left the house with it, you darling, darling boy-!

Before Pete had time to realize her intentions, she had grabbed him and planted a kiss on his dirty, freckled face. The boy fled, stumblingly, to the kitchen and Calista danced out of the front door.

"I'm going to call Ralph now and apologize," she explained. "I tell you I was worried. He was just in a frame of mind to take my word that I wanted to break the engagement."

Mrs. French watched her go with the mingled feelings of one who, expecting a tornado, had received only a lovely fresh breeze instead. With what strength was left in her, she went out into the kitchen in search of her son. He sat at the table, a limp piece of paper before him, a stubby pencil in his hand.

"I was just fixing to make a list for Mr. Browne," he said. "But it looks like there's nothing to tell him. I just sort of made a mess of all the good deeds I

meant to do."

A mess of things indeed, Mrs. French thought, looking at the boy's tired, dirty face. Regardless of his blunderings, the warm intentions of his generous heart had been carried out far better than any orderly procedure could ever have accomplished. There was no way of telling how many people had been helped by his good turns this day. Certainly she did not intend to allow a sense of failure to sit upon his tired head.

"You did all right," she assured him. "You did fine. And you must be starved. What would you like for supper. Just

name it."

Light spread over the boy's face. For Pete, life had no sorrow food could not

"Gosh, Mom-do you mean it? Could I have hamburgers and hot cakes? Gosh, Mom-

ADVENTURING IN EVANGELISM

(Continued from page 17)

people 12 to 24 years of age, Youth Crusaders had its origin in the recognition of a need to enlist youth actively in Christian service through the Church.

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JUNE 1946

a conference with his pastor about the whole matter. This is the pastor's opportunity to help the youth see how serious a business it is to live the Christian life. Once he is accepted, the Youth Crusader begins his program of action.

First, he is schooled in the development of his prayer life through the establishment of a regular private devotion time. Then he must show progress in training, since good work and Christian living require preparation. Conferences with his pastor, attendance at institutes, leadership training programs, and a plan for adequate preparation for his life work by going to college, are thought of as basic.

Finally, the Youth Crusader progresses in service. Service projects gauged to age levels are suggested. For the senior goup, projects include serving as a camp counselor, or helping to start an outpost Sunday school. For the high-school ages, displaying evident leadership at school in maintaining moral standards, or participating in a team to stimulate the youth program in at least four other communities. For the intermediate ages, working to maintain the attendance of his church school class, or working actively in some boys' or girls' club that renders Christian service within the community.

The plan and procedure met with signal success in the Des Moines mission. On the first Saturday Youth Rally 3,000 Methodist youth attended the afternoon and evening sessions. During the afternoon 50 discussion groups were held on the campus of Drake University, considering such topics as "The Personal Christian Life," "Vocational Guidance," and "Full Time Christian Service." Discussion groups were led by older members of Youth Crusaders, with pastors serving as counselors.

The second Saturday rally was carried on as a workshop for local youth groups. Techniques of working with youth, and the operation of youth programs occupied the attention of the audience. The final rally was a service of personal commitment to Christ. And the commitment called for was specific: Life work as a missionary, a minister, or worker in the church. And they came, not in response to a mass psychology depending on the transient exhilaration of the moment, but as the fruition of a carefully planned program of instruction and inspiration, stretching back over weeks and months, which brought them soberly to this point of decision. More than 200 young people aswered the call.

One of the most hopeful signs resulting from the Des Moines mission has been the springing up, all over Iowa, of similar missions, on a smaller scale, to be sure, but with equal purpose and energy. It books as though a chain reaction has been started. This New Life Movement is one more evidence that a new spirit of evanglism is stirring in America. The Church is marching!

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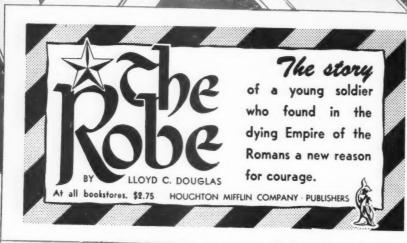
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THE latest Van Paassen book, EARTH COULD BE FAIR, is an over-length autobiographical historical novel written in the style of a war correspondent. At the last it is an appalling documentation of Nazi atrocities. In 115 pages and with his native Dutch town as his canvas, Van Paassen has painted the most convincing. detailed and overwhelming picture of Jewish torture that I have yet seen. The entire book is gorgeous reading. It predominates in character studies that are little masterpieces. There are poignant touches, passages of exquisite beautyand philosophical dissertations with which you will not agree. The unfolding of a childhood within an austere church community, the light cast upon Dutch characteristics, the failure of a Reformation church and equally her triumphant glory in an unyielding ministry, make this vol-ume just about unique. You may question some of the author's authoritarian affirmations! I did. And with me you may discount and sometimes discard elements of both his theology and philosophy, but you will miss one of the literary experiences of a lifetime if you do not read this book again. tionalis

I read Joseph Fort Newton's RIVER OF YEARS in galley-proofs and before I had finished reading, I wrote the author saying: "I nominate you for the pastorate of any church big enough for God!

Here is the romance of a marching, victorious life. Of course, he will be criticized as having marched in all directions but it is apparent that wherever he marched, he kept his direction. He has preached in Baptist, Independent, Congregational and Universalist pulpits from Texas to Maine, to Illinois, to Iowa. across to City Temple, London and back to New York. Now he is the rector of St. Luke and the Epiphany Church in Philadelphia. Fundamentally his message and even his theology have not changed.

He writes with liquid eloquence and every chapter is prose poetry. Here is a singing pen dedicated to the ministry of an unfaltering faith in the sufficiency of Jesus Christ and in the triumph at last of God's love over every bitterness and hate.

DEBORAH, by Marian Castle, is a first novel that is both an achievement and a promise. It is strong and vital writing, vastly more mature than many popular novelists' "seconds" and "thirds." but definitely it holds the pattern and prophecy of

EART Van Paas RIVE

JUNE 19

even greater things. More than any story I have read in a decade, it makes memories come alive again.

Deborah, who is the story, will be an unforgettable character of twentieth-century fiction. She grows from a radiant, naive girlhood through searching youth into a disillusioned but never defeated maturity. Old age finds her where we met her first, on her "little old hill" with her "chariots and flaming white horses" still riding out of the Dakota sunset. The publishers tell us that this is a tale of an American aspiration and that Marian Castle had the purpose to write about the American quest for gentility and culture. At any rate. Marian Castle has told, with dramatic power, with simplicity, and in sustained eloquence of very fine writing, the story of a great life lived in humble or commonplace surroundings and surrounded by other lives that frame and enlarge her own loveliness. Deborah is not a perfect woman and there are a few times when she is almost a perfect fool, but comprehensively she is just about the perfect character. Men are quite incidental to her life and there are only two you will remember. All other characters are supplementary, though several are drawn with realistic discernment and

Why the publishers should advertise the fact that the author once wrote a W.C.T.U. prize essay, "The Evils of Beer" I do not know! There are just a few spots, quite unnecessary I think, that will make "Deborah" less than completely satisfactory to the W.C.T.U.; less than 100% a church library volume.

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In Howard Spring's AND ANOTHER thing, we have a book every religious person should read, whatever his faith. Every orthodox Christian should read it because it is dramatically unorthodox, and if you are a Christian and not a pacifist, you should read it because it is doctrinaire pacifism as I never expected to find such again. Methodist and other denominationalists should read it to find out what the author thinks about them and why! Do I like the book? Ask me please after I get through licking my wounds. Fine writing? Inevitably a volume from this pen would be that and this particular volume has also the excitement of great surprise. Is the author convincing? My answer is definitely "No." But just as definitely he is convinced, and that is something in these days.

The book is filled with such passages as this: "There can be no peace save where love is, and love has not notably increased of late." "My complaint against the Church is not that its general philosophic view of mankind is too severe but that its today attitude towards the conduct of men in the world is not severe enough." The author contradicts Dr. Temple (late Archbishop of Canterbury) and belittles John Wesley. Universally his spear "knows no brother." Intellectually, though to a far different end, he is as dogmatic and authoritative as Hitler. Here is indeed a scintillating, amazing mixture. It is a literary end-of-the-week thick soup into which goes everything.

EARTH COULD BE FAIR, by Pierre Van Paassen. (Dial Press, \$3.75, 509 pp.) RIVER OF YEARS, by Joseph Fort



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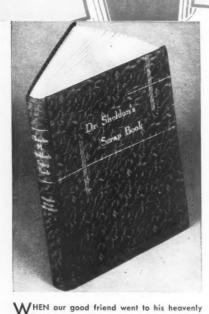
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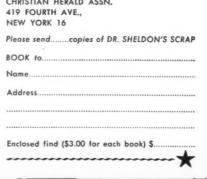
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make for himself with God's help.

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DEW ON JORDAN, by Harold Preece and Celia Kraft. (Dutton, \$2.50, 221 pp.) Nothing like this has ever been done before. The authors have lived in the scenes they so vividly describe and participated in the experiences they relate. Indeed Harold Preece is an ordained elderevangelist for the Peoples' Institute of Applied Religion. When he and his wife talk about the strange cults and orgiastic revivals of the southern mountains, when they discuss fondling poisonous snakes as a test of faith, they write with authority and not as the rest of us "Scribes and Pharisees."

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OLD MAN IN A HURRY

(Continued from page 33)

persuasively on the need for a medical mission in the vicinity of Nadiad. By the time the missionary had completed his swing about the country, a rather neat sum had been contributed.

Then something went awry. The money had been divided among the district superintendents of that area, and because no one of them had enough to get the project under way, and nobody to run it if they had, the funds got spent for other things. Presently, of course, the contributors back home began to ask, "Where's that medical mission we gave to?" And with no adequate reply forthcoming, a few began to suggest obliquely that unless some substance began to materialize soon out of their faith in things hoped for—well, there just might be an embarrassing investigation.

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Ask him what were the chief difficulties he had to fight in those days, besides the paucity of money and equipment, and Corpron will reply without hesitation, "Ignorance, dirt and caste."

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a glittering delegation. They were the leaders of castes, from the Brahmins down-but not too far down. They wasted no time in presenting their ultimatum.

"We are told, sahib, that you are a good doctor, that you possess the magic skill of healing," they said. "We are glad to have you here-on conditions. You cannot practice, at least on us and our kind, unless you rid your institution of these low castes and employ Hindu assistants instead. The sahib will understand that we cannot allow the untouchable to touch us!"

The sahib didn't understand, didn't want to. The sahib drew himself up to his full six-foot-two. "Gentlemen, said, "let's understand each other. Your caste system may be important to you. It's not to me. For me, there are only two castes here: the sick and the well. I'm here to serve the sick, and you can't drive me out. You who are well don't need me. But if you fall ill, you can come, and welcome-on my conditions. Is that clear?"

The committee on caste was speechless. Corpron went on: "I mentioned my conditions. Those conditions are that when and if you get medical or surgical service here, you pay for it. And you will pay at cost-plus. The plus will be used for those who can't pay. Take it or leave it, gentlemen."

When the gentlemen finally got their gaping mouths closed they opened and closed them again in excited jabber among themselves. Then, suddenly, the spokesman smiled and stepped forward. "We like you," he said. "You may find that some of us will, as you say, take it!"

That initial blow struck for Christian brotherhood paid off from the beginning. Caste, of course, often reared its ugly head. But every time it did, Corpron took a healthy poke at it.

Patients began to flood in, and young Dr. Corpron drew an eager breath and plunged into the plethora of patient suffering that was India. Always there were the queues of people with pleading hands, or stumps of them. Always the constant cry: "Doctor, sahib!" Always the sores, the unwashed bodies eaten with the diseases of an unwashed country, the loathsome festerings of body and soul. Always hunger and plague and famine.

The piteous and never-ending stream came on, day after day. Life with Corpron was a succession of squirts from hypo needles, flashes of gleaming instruments, swishing of bandages. His rubber gloves became like his own skin, and without his mask and gown he felt almost unclothed, so constantly was he in them.

But nights there were when, exhausted, the young doctor would sit outside drinking in the magic beauty that was Nadiad at night, his eyes glazed with visions. Visions of a real hospital, with many wards, an adequate surgery, X-ray equipment, dressing and treatment rooms, a full complement of nurses and assistants.

The dream came true. Corpron made

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it come true. Not all at once, but over the years. Adding a little here, a little there, he gradually developed a plant valued at 350,000 rupees—and all paid for, mostly from fees collected from the high castes who once had disdained the ramshackle hospital but came to respect the straight-shooting doctor sahib with his skilled hands and his strange ideas of brotherhood.

In 1937, at the age of 64, Dr. Corpron felt it was time to retire. The natives gave him a mammoth send-off, climaxed by an elaborate dinner at which top-drawer Brahmins joined with the lesser breeds to fete him like a prince.

Back in America, however, Corpron soon found retirement wearing. After the first few weeks, he felt the old pull to be back at work again. And it wasn't long until he was again on his way to Indiathis time to Kolar. Officially retired by his board, he had taken this job on his own, and probably would be there yet had it not been for the war. But when the Japanese made their attack on Colombo, and everybody thought they were coming right through this section of India, the American consul in Madras began hustling out all missionaries. The Corprons sadly sailed from Bombay the last of May, 1942.

This time, he told himself, he really would retire. Was he not 69? Any fellow in his right mind, he told his wife, should be ready to call it quits after so long and so full a life. But once again, after a few months of inactivity, his wife caught him polishing his instruments and ingering his stethoscope.

To get his mind off them, she suggested they take a trip down to Florida and visit a retired missionary friend who had taken up residence at Christian Herald's Memorial Home Community. That did it. The community had no doctor; the aged folks needed attention. The Corpross moved in.

Now, 'tis a far cry from the teeming, disease-ridden battleground of India to the quiet, flower-bedecked peace of Florida. And it's an even farther cry from the caste-conscious, superstitious, ignorant people of India to these cultured gentlefolk resting from their labors after lifetimes of ministry in a thousand parishes large and small. But there were human ills here too, and that was all the call necessary for this medico of God.

You can't stop a man like that from working!

And you can't stop his dreams. For now he's dreaming again. There is a need down at the community, a double-barreled need that only money—in sizable quantities, not just nickels and dimes—can fill. You may recall that for some time we have been talking in these pages about one phase of that need: the crection of a building to care for widowed people. We've pointed out that the community's lovely little apartments are set up on the "couples" basis—and we've

(Continued on page 62)

Can Jou guess her Age?



IT'S HARD TO TELL the age of anyone whose skin is so beautiful. For isn't it true that it's the appearance of your skin that "dates" you? No matter how lovely your skin is

No matter how lovely your skin is today, take the advice of many beauty experts and make every effort to see that your skin retains the natural moisture which gives it that peach-bloom glow of youth.

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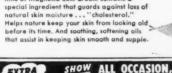
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THE PROTESTANT
MOTION PICTURE COUNCIL

EVOTION" is a picture that may not appeal much to the teen-agers and the bobby-soxers, who we understand are much to be considered in the matter of local theater receipts. It is a picture with no glitter and glamour, no luxury background (of which we have already had too much), no war, no cheap comedy—ingredients necessary. we understand, for "big box office." But in the production of this film, Warner Brothers have done the mature, thinking population of this country a great favor. It is to us one of the finest motion pictures yet to reach the American screen.

Here are the Brontë sisters—the immortal writing trio of Emily, Charlotte



The new vicar (Paul Henreid) finds one of the more pleasant duties of his parish that of escorting the three lovely Bronte girls to evening social affairs.

and Anne. It is Emily who gives the picture and the plot their real depth and glow; the part is played by Ida Lupino with real sympathy and understanding. We were hoping Emily would win the handsome young Vicar Nicolls (Paul Henreid) with whom both Emily and Char-

"DEVOTION"

ONE OF THE FINEST MOTION PICTURES YET TO REACH THE AMERICAN SCREEN. IT IS THE WARM, GLOWING ACCOUNT OF THE IMMORTAL BRONTE SISTERS—THE GIFTED WRITING TRIO. THE PROTESTANT MINISTER AT LONG LAST, HERE GETS A FAIR CINEMATIC TREATMENT. THE FILM IS A LOYELY THING; WORTH SEEING TWICE.



The Brontes at dinner in the manse. Charlotte (Olivia de Havilland) has told her preacher-father he is getting old; needs the help of a vicar in his parish.

lotte fall in love—but we knew she wouldn't. Charlotte is the pretty one of the two, and the pretty one always seems to win! But in Emily there was deep calling unto deep; the shots of her walking the wild Scottish moor, with the wind hurling great dark clouds across the rooftops of Wuthering Heights (about which she wrote her famous book), and with the ghostly rider on his great black horse, are scenes which will haunt those who see this picture.

These Brontë sisters were the daughters of a clergyman, and some of the action is laid in the kitchen of the manse. The preacher-father is a good character well portrayed; so is the young vicar who comes to help him and to marry his daughter and all but tear his home to pieces. In these two clergymen, the Protestant minister at long last gets fair and intelligent cinematic treatment. Aye, these British ministers smoke and the vicar attends a ball, and many there are who will disapprove of that—but this is nineteenth-century England, when such behavior from a parson was expected and accepted.

Arthur Kennedy plays the dissolute, drunken brother (Branwell Brontë) whom the three sisters loved not wisely but too well. He is a thousand temperance lessons rolled into one personality; this is alcohol pictured as it should be pictured on the screen—not an adjunct of "graceful living" or the harmless privilege of the rich,

but the subtle destroyer of brilliant talent and character. The death of the brother in the arms of Emily is poignantly done.

The only character in the picture who seemed to fall short was that of the author Thackeray, played by Sydney Greenstreet. The creator of "Vanity Fair" becomes here too much Greenstreet, too little Thackeray; the old man was not the supercilious cynic that he is in the picture,



Branwell, the brilliant but dissolute brother of the Bronte girls (Arthur Kennedy), creates a scene at home of Lady Thornton (Dame May Whitty).

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

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and we doubt that the actual Thackeray
was as fat and waddling as the screen
Thackeray.

But this is petty criticism, when the piture is viewed as a whole. On the whole is a lovely thing. It is one picture we shall see twice.

OTHER CURRENT FILMS Audience Suitability A-Adults; YP-Young People; F-Family.

• Please read these reviews carefully; they we reviews, not endorsements. The "au-jimes suitability" classification is not a warntee that the film is without fault; it merely a guide.

THE GREEN YEARS. (MGM) With n excellent cast and some fine characterirations-Charles Coburn's portrayal of Dandie Gow should be noted-this story of the "green years" of a boy's life makes outstanding film. There are many hings in its favor. It is a clean story depicting life in a Scotch village at the beginning of this century. It is unfortuate that emphasis is placed upon the diference between the severe and unsympahetic attitudes manifested by Papa Leckie and his mother who belong to "The Estabished Church" and the comforting arm extended to Robbie by the Roman Church. The character of the Leckies eems to be allied to their religion; a confict is suggested where none exists since the child is not interfered with in the exerise of his faith.

SO GOES MY LOVE. (Universal) To the Brooklyn of 1867 comes Jane Button (Myma Loy). In leaving her New England farm, she wants to make her way in the "big city." She is determined to find abusband. A clean, entertaining film.

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To EACH HIS OWN. (Paramount)
Two lonely people meet on fire-watching
duty, on New Year's Eve, during the
London "blitz." She is Joddy Norris,
middle-aged, successful and American, he,
Lord Desham, an English civic leader. She
swes his life and, over a cup of coffee, he
recounts the sad story of his past. She
finds it impossible to talk about herself, so
great is her habit for restraint. This film
explores a very delicate subject, the ethical and moral lapses are not excused, the
lifelong payment they exact is well portayed. Some disparaging remarks about
Prohibition are unnecessary to the plot
and contrary to facts.

HEARTBEAT. (RKO) A romantic story combining the themes of Cinderella and Pygmalion, greatly enhanced by the excellent acting of Ginger Rogers and Jean Pierre Aumont, beautiful music and well-meated Paris settings.

MAKE MINE MUSIC. (RKO) A Walt Disney production which combines musical fantasy with cartoon artistry, in many episodes, from opera to jazz. Nelson Eddy, Dinah Shore, Benny Goodman and other mustanding artists of music, radio, screen and stage help to make this innovation one to suit all tastes.

NIGHT IN PARADISE. (Universal) Going back into antiquity (561 B.C.), we

find that lust for gold drove Croesus to cruel deeds but those he sought to destroy were spared by various means to enjoy life while he became mad.

Hollywood Hears from The Protestants

By Jimmie Fidler

The Protestant Motion Picture Council, a very powerful organization, has recently been formed. This new organization will act in behalf of Protestant Churches, much as the Legion of Decency now functions for the Roman Catholic Church. It will review pictures. It will approve clean pictures. It will condemn, in part or in full, unclean pictures. It will have no power to ban the showing of disapproved films, but it will urge thousands of Protestant churches to boycott such movies, and to demand a clean screen.

No member of the industry can honestly deny my contention that some pictures go beyond the bounds of common decency. And even though these are few in number, they do irreparable damage. In view of censorship movements springing up all over the nation, and in view of this latest move by the Protestant Churches, no film executive, unless he is utterly blind or too stubborn to admit the cold truth, can deny that there must be sound basis for such action.

I'll grant that I, a lone man, might have been mistaken in my contention that too many movies are suggestive and otherwise offensive. But when that belief is backed up by nation-wide reaction, it becomes clear that I've been correct. Here's hoping it won't take a pitcher of cold water to awaken too many who refuse to listen to the alarm clock.

YANK IN LONDON. (20th Cent.-Fox) This romantic drama is a story of the mutual understanding between British soldiers and American servicemen stationed in England during the war. The film

would have been just as strong without the excessive drinking scenes.

SARATOGA TRUNK. (Warner) Based on Edna Ferber's novel with backgrounds of New Orleans and Saratoga Springs in the days of railroad rivalries. Actuated by desire to "get even" with society for the wrongs endured by their mothers, a Creole girl (Ingrid Bergman) and a Texas gambler (Gary Cooper) join forces. The results are exciting, but with revenge as a motive, gambling and drinking as a matter of course, an equivocal moral situation in the forefront, ethical and moral values are lost sight of.

THE KID FROM BROOKLYN. (RKO) Danny Kaye cuts amusing and skilful capers in his rise from milkman to middle-weight champion, against the odds of crooked fight promoters, but with the assistance of sympathetic beautiful girls. Entertaining farce comedy.

A NIGHT IN CASABLANCA. (United Artists) A satire on international spying; the locale Morocco, the actors, the Marx Brothers as the super-sleuths solving the mystery. Ridiculous, but funny on the whole.

NIGHT EDITOR. (Columbia) For the benefit of a young newspaperman who is neglecting his wife and his work, the night editor tells the story of a police lieutenant who had fallen to similar temptation. It is conclusively proven that "drink and the other woman" are a combination which should be left alone.

Second Raters:

The Bride Wore Boots. (Paramount) Comedy which fails to amuse. Too much drinking. A. Our Hearts Were Growing Up. (Paramount) Amusing, but much of plot is built around bootleggers and other law-breakers in the '20s. A YP. Gilda. (Columbia) Melodrama of international intrigue against background of distorted moral values. A. Cinderella Jones. (Warner) Funny and clean enough, but mediocre entertainment. A YP. From This Day Forward. (RKO) Too much triviality and much drinking unnecessary to plot. A YP. The Spider Woman Comes Back. (Universal) Horror in heavy doses; very thin plot. A.

Definitely Not Recommended:

Three Strangers. (Warner) Purpose of plot is material gain, regardless of means—gambling, dishonesty, drinking, murder, immorality. A.

Previously Reviewed:

Story of G. I. Joe F, Our Vines Have Tender Grapes F, Pride of the Marines A, YP, The House on 92nd Street F, Girl of the Limberlost F, The Adventures of Rusty F, And Then There Were None A, YP, The House I Live In F, Volanda and the Thief F, My Name Is Julia Ross A, YP, Fallen Angel A, YP, They Were Expendable A, YP, Danny Boy F, A Walk in the Sun A, YP, The Enchanted Forest F, The Bells of St. Mary's F, The Harvey Girls A, YP, What Next Corporal Hargrove? F, Spellbound A, Dragonwyck F, Bandit of Sherwood Forest F, The Virginian F, Because of Him F, Bad Bascomb F, Partners in Time F, Burma Victory F.



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OLD MAN IN A HURRY

(Continued from page 59)

tried to picture for you the heartbreak that comes when either the husband or wife passes on and, because there is no provision for single persons, the surviving one must be asked to leave.

We've said that means must be found to get that building-and the response has been encouraging. Slowly, much too slowly for a project of this size, the fund is adding up. So now we know that we must have more than "small change" contributions—though these are earnestly solicited. It will take several gifts of \$100, and \$500, and \$1,000-and moreif we are to make the grade.

And what an opportunity to some persons of means to leave a lasting memorial -either to themselves or to some loved one! \$5,000 would provide an apartment for a widow or widower. To what better use could money be devoted than to the continued care and comfort of these aged soldiers of the Cross? The plans are drawn, the plot is set aside. All is in readiness-awaiting, perhaps, your gift.

But what, you ask, is Dr. Corpron's interest here? Just this: at his insistence, the plans are being revised to permit the inclusion of a sick bay for bedfast patients. That has been a crying need ever since the community was built, but it took the diligent doctor to point it up, and stay with it till the feature was added. It will mean that when a tenant is taken ill-in what is often his last. though sometimes lingering illness-he has a place to go where he can be properly treated. As it is now, no hospital will take patients for long, and it means that their care becomes the responsibility of their aged mate, with members of the community taking turns at the nursing. That is not fair to anybody—the patient or the doctor or the tenants.

So that sick bay is the other half of the double-barreled need we mentioned a few paragraphs up. \$10,000 would complete and equip it. Dr. Corpron is hoping and praying that God will speak-soon and plainly-to some reader with the means to make his dream and ours a beautiful reality. In this, as in every other regard, the doctor is an "old man in a hurry." He is in a hurry, for time is running out. It runs very fast when you are 65. It runs faster still when you're seventy-and the average age here is 74.

"In the name of the Christ these elderly folk have served so faithfully," he says, "and of the Church and its people to whom they have given so much in their lifetimes, we cannot let them down in their last years." We cannot-and we must not!

So the doctor dreams-dreams as he works. All his life he has had a way of making his dreams come true. Give him time enough, and give him (and us) persuasive powers enough to get Christian HERALD readers enough to catch vision enough . . .! And who can tell?

Can't Keep Grandma In **Her Chair**

She's as Lively as a Youngster-Now her Backache is better

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Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, ace they discover that the real cause of their trouble

once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pende entry, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequenter scanty passages with smarting and burning some scanty passages with smarting and burning some

under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequente scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pilk, a stimulant diuretie, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. Doan's give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pilks,

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Write today for a copy of a 40-page FREE BOOK which explains Piles, Files, Fulla, other rectal ailments and associated colon and stomach conditions. If may save you time and trouble. Address Thornton & Minor Clinic, Suite 602, 926 McGee St., Kansas City, Mo.

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It is no longer necessary to put up with the trouble caused by Pin-Worms!

A highly effective way to deal with this ugly infection has now been made possible. It is based on the medically recognized drug known as gentian violet. This special drug is the vital ingredient in P-W, the Pin-Worm tablets developed in the laboratories of Dr. D. Jayne & Son.

The small, easy-to-take P-W tablets act

tories of Dr. D. Jayne & Son.

The small, easy-to-take P-W tablets act in a special way to remove Pin-Worms. So don't take chances with the embarrassing rectal itch and other distress caused by these creatures that live and grow inside the human body. If you suspect Pin-Worms in your child or yourself, get a box of JAYNE'S P-W right away and follow the directions. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back.

Your druggist known P.W. For Pin-Worms!

Your druggist knows: P-W for Pin-Worms!

SOMETHING FOR YOUR MONEY

(Continued from page 25)

you have bought. In your mental being, it occupies limited reaction. In stream of consciousness, it exhausts itself something like this: "It is a beauty . . . looks well on my hand . . . wonder what so-and-so thinks of it . . . I hope the price was right . . ." Little more can grow from it. If you think your eye enjoys the captured light and color, you could find as much in a dewdrop.

Objects in time, however, never quite come to an end. They transmute themselves into thoughts, and thought is of substance infinite. The water color box you bought at 14 still influences tomorrow's sunset. What you read today forms the answer you give to next year's emergency. For by the wonderful alchemy of sustained attention, objects in time become your living self.

Hundreds of thousands of people in the world today have dazedly discovered that the only things they actually own are the ones which could never be taken from them. No matter how many houses have been lived in, the only ones that mattered are inscriptions written forever inside us. The persons we have loved live forever as murals painted in the hidden galleries of the heart. All that was worth having or keeping is that merchandise which has become the man. Everything else, worked for and won, was folly.

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Objects in space have no outcome except disintegration. Objects in time expand in endless influence.

So, beyond the requirements for smooth and gracious living, nothing is worth spending money on. I have concluded, except luxuries which exist in the realm of time. A piece of furniture, or tuition for an art student? A new hat, or a car lired to take an invalid for an afternoon's ide? A rug, or a trip to the mountains? The expenditure which is bringing me the most ineffable value for the dollar, is listed on my income to restrict the second.

the most ineffable value for the dollar, is listed on my income tax return as costing \$500 per year. That would buy me some nice clothes; a vacation; fifty vocal lessons; a down payment on a car.

What it has bought me, however, is the companionship and surprise and adventure of having a little girl in my life. And when you have a little girl in the house, you also have Christmas trees, Halloween parties, roller skates to stumble over in the front hall, small boys coming to call and waking you up early on the one morning you could sleep, mealtimes "honey and puns," lumpy lovely gifts from the dime store. You have conversations full of friskiness . . . the very vocabulary twinkles ("... so then we heard a kind of squirmish going on in the back seat...").

In space she isn't worth much. In time she is minutes and hours and years full of amusement, anxiety and love.

In space she's just another troublesome little human; in time she is my licket to a reserved seat in tomorrow.

YOU, TOO, MAY BE INTERNAL BATHS

OLD TIMERS GIVE THEIR OPINION OF THE VALUE OF THE J. B. L. CASCADE INTERNAL BATH

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E. Cary Norris, 23 Wyoming Street, Newark, Onio. 84 YEARS OF AGE—"My health and activity at 84 years of age, to my mind, indicate its health giving powers."

Noah Webster, Cambridge, Md. 91 YEARS OF AGE—I would not sell mine for love or money, and I am in my 91st year and sood health due largely to this Internal Bath Syringe.

J. A. LaBrant, Stanley, N. Dak.

82 YEARS OF AGE—"Il was back in 1916 when I first became acquainted with the J B L Cascade I am now in my 82nd wear and in perfect health and have not used any medicine since I purchased your Cascade. I believe the Cascade should be in every home in America."

J. V. Espher, Rockford, Ill.

J. V. Farber, Rockford, Ill.

"MY EYES HAVE A BRIGHTER LUSTER, my step is surer and springier, my appetite is better, 1 am less bloated since using my Cascade," writes another delighted discoverer that intestinal cleanliness contributes in no small degree to one's physical comfort.

DAY AFTER DAY over a period of 48 years, innumerable grateful users have assured us of the efficacy of the J. B. L. Cascade Internal Bath. Too long a time to survive if of uncertain value.

WHY TAKE AN INTERNAL BATH? Here is why: the intestinal tract is the waste canal of the body. Due to our soft foods, lack of vigorous exercise and high artificial civilization, a large percentage of persons suffer from intestinal stasis (delay). In many cases the passage of the colonic wastes is delayed entirely too long. Result: an accumulation of long-retained impacted fecal matter that is bound to be uncomfortable at best. But, in the opinion of many authorities, this mass of waste may produce more serious results. Internal Bathing is an effective means of removing waste.

IMMEDIATE RESULTS—The Internal Bath flushes the intestinal tract immediately, quick hygienic action. It eliminates the use of laxatives and cathartics. No loss of time, uncertainty of action, or social embarrassment follows the Internal Bath. Non-habit forming, its use tends to encourage the rhythmic action of normal elimination.

FOR YOUR HEALTH'S SAKE, investigate this simple water way of ridding the system of delayed waste. This drugless method may mean so much in adding to your happiness. You may have a copy of our 24 page booklet, entitled "Why We Should Bathe Internally," FREE. It reveals many startling facts you should know. Send for your free copy NOW.

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If you are one of those unfortunates whom alcohol is depriving of health and opportunity remember this: Drunkenness is a disease and as such is subject to control. The McTaggart System functions on this basis. Its pure vegetable liquids destroy totally the taste or craving for alcohol and free you from all need or desire for this stimulant. In fact they create an antipathy to it. The nervous, digestive and circulatory systems are naturally benefited. No hospitalization of any kind is needed. This is strictly a

HOME SYSTEM

It does not interfere in any way with daily business or social routine. Effects are noticeable within a few days. While it is eliminating the alcohol from the system it is supplying a substitute which is temporarily needed, but this substitute is a purely vegetable tincture and is non-narcotic. Therefore stimulants are discontinued without any inconvenience. With the craving for alcohol gone, no will power is required for continuous abstinence from drink. The cost is very moderate and is covered many times over by the financial savings effected. Write for literature.

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Remember the à la Mode

A New York boy went to live in Texas. One day in school the teacher asked him to tell about the Alamo.

"That's pie with ice cream on it," he -Lookout.

No Beauty, She

"Poor old Jones put his foot in it the other day.

"Why, what happened?"

"He went to see Muggins and asked him why Mrs. Muggins had her gas mask

"Well, there was nothing wrong in that, was there?"

"She wasn't wearing it."

-Selected.

Limerick

A laddie at college named Breeze, Weighed down by B.A.'s and M.D.'s, Collapsed from the strain. Said the doctor, "It's plain,

You're killing yourself by degrees."

-Exchange.

Difficult

Doctor: "Give me some of that prepared acetyl derivative of salicylic acid." Druggist: "Do you mean aspirin?"

Doc: "Yeah, I never can think of that name."

Waiting

"Say, waiter, how long have you been employed here?

"About six weeks, sir."

"Then you couldn't be the one who took my order." -Carbon Copy.

Follow Instructions

Two ants were racing at a great speed across a cracker box.

"Why are we running so fast?" asked

the first ant.

"Don't you see—it says 'tear along this dotted line,' " replied the second ant.

Wouldn't Brook It

An old cowboy went to the city and registered at a hotel for the first time in his life. The clerk asked him if he wanted a room with running water.

"No!" the cowboy yelled. "What do you think I am, a trout?"

-Lookout.

Well Dressed Guest

"What a night," said a dinner guest.
"It's pouring pitchforks!"

"You can't go home in this downpour," said the host. "Better spend the night

The guest disappeared, returning in two hours, soaked and dripping.

"Where have you been?" asked the host, "Oh, I had to go home for my pajamas."

Lost Opportunity

Mother was telling stories of her childhood. Little Harold listened thoughtfully as she told of riding a pony, sliding down a haystack and wading in the brook Finally he said with a sigh, "I wish I had met you earlier, Mother."

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-Selected.

That Professor Again

"This afternoon we will take Mr. Frog apart and see what makes him croak. said the professor to his zoology class. "I have a frog in my pocket to be used as a specimen." He reached into his pocket and drew out a paper bag which he emptied on the table. Out rolled a

badly squashed ham sandwich.
"My goodness!" stammered the professor, mopping his brow, "I distinctly remember eating my lunch.

-Industrial School Journal.

Suspense

A man registered at a hotel. The clerk warned him that the man in the next room was nervous and asked the new guest to be considerate with him. When the man went to his room he thoughtlessly threw his shoe down on the floor with a loud bang. Then, thinking of his unfortunate neighbor, he laid the other shoe down gently. He went to sleep, but two hours later was awakened by a rap at the door. "Who's there?" he called out. "For heaven's sake," shrieked his neighbor shrilly, "will you throw that other shoe shrilly, down?" -Junior Scholastic.



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